ADDRESSES *for* WOMEN WORKERS

MRS. GEORGE H. MORRISON

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ADDRESSES FOR WOMEN WORKERS

MRS. GEORGE H. MORRISON

ADDRESSES FOR WOMEN WORKERS

A Volume of Suggested Discourses for Women Who Speak in Public

BY [Christine H.]

MRS. GEORGE H. MORRISON

AUTHOR OF "PRAYERS FOR WOMEN WORKERS"

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ADDRESSES FOR WOMEN WORKERS
— B —
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TO

MY MOTHER

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

PREFACE

As a result of the very kind reception given to "Prayers for Women Workers" I have been encouraged to write a companion book of addresses. These include Scripture talks for mothers, young people and children, also Temperance and Missionary talks, and one or two on hygiene, purity, Girls' Auxiliary aims, etc. I am greatly indebted to friends for giving me papers on such subjects as I did not myself feel competent to write on, and these articles will be signed with the writers' names.

CHRISTINE MORRISON.

Glasgow.

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PART ONE: ADDRESSES TO MOTHERS

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TRYSTING-PLACES WITH JESUS

Dear Mothers, I wish to-day to pass on to you a few helpful thoughts I heard just the other day. Some one was talking about the tremendous help and power it would be on our life's journey if we only could have regular trysting-places with Jesus. Now, we all know what a trysting-place is—a place where we arrange to meet and talk with some one. The Gospel of Matthew says in one place, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door pray to thy Father which is in secret." Now this, of course, is the sweetest and best way to meet with our heavenly Father or Elder Brother Christ; to be able to go into a place by ourselves and there, kneeling in peace and quietness, make our requests known unto Him. I do believe

that if we could all have such a quiet trysting-place, and get into the habit of repairing there whenever we felt troubled or in need of help, that place would become a sanctified spot, and the joy and desire for going to it would become second nature. But, dear mothers, I well know how difficult—nay, almost impossible—it is for most of you to get a really quiet corner in your homes, and we have to learn to come to Jesus just where we are in the quietness of our own hearts. I wonder if you have all heard the beautiful story of the dear mother who told a lady visitor that she never could get away by herself for private prayer in their small overcrowded house; but, she added, I have taught the children that whenever I sit down and put my apron over my head I am talking to our Father in Heaven, and they understand that they must be quiet then. I wish to impress on you the real importance of having at least a few moments of prayer every day. This is absolutely necessary if we are to have strength and be helped through our days—these days that are for most of you so full of hard work and wor-

ries and anxieties of all kinds. Don't think that I speak without realising how difficult it is to get even these few minutes, especially in the early morning hours when the husband has to be got off to work and the children to school. But, dear mothers, what a difference it would make in the whole outlook of the day; we would never allow the clouds to rest on us, and we would be able to go singing about our work. We have all felt the difficulty of returning to our dreary round of duty, after high vision or great joy. We have perhaps been to a specially inspiring service or meeting, or have had a quiet restful time in prayer, and we come back to the home, feeling raised above the plane of worries, and full of resolutions to be better mothers and wives, and put into practice the advice we have been listening to. It is at times like these, just after we have had the vision, that an uncongenial home atmosphere, or an unsympathetic or sneering word, seems to come with an extra sharp sting, or like a douche of cold water, and it is then we have need of much prayer, patience and forbearance. Now just re-

member how Christ after being in the Temple among the learned men where He expounded the Scripture to them, returned immediately at His mother's call to Nazareth, and was obedient to His parents. One hour the vision in the Temple, the next, opening the door and doing His simple duties in the cottage home. This is why Christ is so human and understanding. Vision must never keep you from duty. Samuel did not lose his head after hearing God's voice in the night; he listened to God's message, then lay down quietly till the morning, and then returned to his duty of opening the door of the Lord's House. After the Transfiguration, Jesus did not say, "I cannot return to the world after this Holy time with God." He knew He had a work to do for His Father, and He came down from the mountain and again took up His work of preaching and teaching and healing the poor people who loved and needed Him so much. So, dear mothers, when we get the vision let people see that we have been keeping our tryst with God, by the new and higher way in which we live and do our

daily work. We would never think of starving our bodies if there was plenty of food in the house, and yet we deliberately starve our souls, shutting our eyes and hearts to the blessings our heavenly Father is waiting and longing to shower down on each of us. Listen to just one or two of the blessings He offers us in these verses—Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Then, dear mothers, when we come to our trysting-place our prayers must be faithful and persevering. We must try to banish from our minds all doubt as to God being able and willing to help us. We must come in humility, praying that what we ask may be in accordance with His will, then make our requests known. One of the great mysteries of prayer is the need of perseverance.

We are told in one instance to pray without ceasing, and we, in our ignorance, are often tempted to question why God, who, we are told, is longing to bless us, should keep us waiting for our answer, sometimes even for years. Dear mothers, if we are tempted ever to say God does not care, oh, remember that our vision is very dim, and we see only a very little way before us, but God, who is a God of infinite tenderness and wisdom, sees the end from the beginning, and knows far better what is good for us. We must use our imagination in prayer, and in our endeavour to see the Father and the living Christ. If we constantly think of Christ as only divine, we are apt to lose sight of His manhood, and in this way miss the sweet human relationship He is so constantly offering us. Do you ever, when you pray, have a vision of the God you are addressing? Once I asked a little boy what he thought the God he prayed to was like, and the child's reply was, "I always think of God as a kind old man with a long white beard, sitting on a great white throne, listening to our prayers," and I think this was a very

beautiful thought for the little lad to have. I often think that in our praying we are apt to become too formal and indefinite, forgetting that we are really asking something from One who is a loving Father and a God of great mercy and understanding. Remember the beautiful words of the hymn:

"Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much."

Shall we, then, from to-day resolve to keep a daily tryst with God, and if we cannot do so in a quiet corner, then in the quietness of our own hearts, because by doing so He will give us strength and courage to rise above our earthly trials, and our lives will be all sunshine in the sweetness of our Lord.

Prayer

Dear Saviour Christ, we thank Thee for the knowledge that no true faith-winged prayer ever goes unanswered, and that

Thine ear is ever open to the cry of Thy hungering children. Give us faith that we may come boldly to the throne of grace, and find rest and refreshing there. Keep us from wandering from Thy side, and may we daily practise Thy Presence. Teach us anew the power and comfort of prayer, and may we all be found very often on our knees. Help us to take Thee into our hearts and lives, and find what a Friend we have in Thee. "Oh, what joys we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear, all because we do not carry everything to God in prayer." Go with us to our homes and bless us, and all we love, for Christ's sake. Amen.

"THOU GOD SEEST ME"

Gen. xvi. 13

Dear Mothers, this afternoon I wish to speak to you for a few moments about this text, which I believe to many of us, from our childhood's days, has brought rather a feeling of terror. I wish in a very brief and simple way to try to rid your minds of that idea, and to show that in reality the knowledge of an all-seeing God ought to bring deep comfort to our hearts. The words "Thou God seest me," were spoken by Hagar when the angel of the Lord appeared to her in the wilderness after she had fled from the anger of Sarah her mistress. This is one of these Old Testament stories which it is rather difficult for us to understand, but we are told that the Lord had compassion on Hagar's affliction and sent His angel to comfort her, and she used these words, I imagine, in gratitude, saying Thou God seest me, or comfortest me.

Now, in the first place, I think we are apt to read and interpret this text in a one-sided way, and think only of God as an all-seeing God who judges all our sins and misdeeds, and we shrink from this text because of our fear of God's all-seeing eyes, and the dread thought that He can read all the guilty secrets of our hearts, and we cry, "If thou, O Lord, shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand?" forgetting the second part of the verse which says, "But there is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared"—or loved. It is just here that I think we should ask this question, Does God only mark the guilty thoughts and actions of a man? Does He not also mark all our strivings and aspirations after goodness, and give us credit for these as well? Yes, truly God judges with a perfect justice, and because He judges with a larger love and understanding than our weak minds can grasp, He makes allowance for us with a love that knoweth and seeth all things and, most comforting thought of all, God judges us through the understanding love of Jesus. We know that not a silent tear that falls in

secret, not the faintest weakest prayer which we are perhaps scarcely conscious of praying, but is known up in heaven, and, oh, how willingly a Father's hand is stretched out to help us. There is a beautiful hymn which says:

"For the love of God is broader than the
measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind."

Then, in the second place, I wish you to remember that it was because God loved us so deeply, all unworthy as we are, and wished to judge us so justly, that He sent His Son into the world as a man, that He made Him to be born of a woman with a nature and frame the same as ours—a nature that could be tempted and tried just as we are, and a body that felt all the human pangs of pain, hunger and fatigue. We know this is true because of that wonderful verse in the New Testament which says, "He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin." This is another verse we are apt to stumble over and not accept

literally. We so often think and say that it cannot mean that Jesus, the Son of God, could ever have known or felt the temptations that come to poor sinful folk like us. Dear mothers, it does mean that, and it was for this very reason God allowed His Son to suffer and be tempted, that He might be able to succour them that are tempted. And now God judges us through the understanding and pitying love of Christ. "For the Father judges no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son." I want just here to make it clear to you that, although the text says, "in all points like as we are," we have to remember that different characters are subject to different temptations, and what might be a deadly temptation to us, would probably not have been so to the sinless Christ. We must try to realise that our blessed Saviour was tempted every day of His earthly journey till He died—tempted perhaps most *in dying,* because He knew that He had a power within Him to escape from death, and His human nature shrank from the pain and degradation of the cross, and the sweat of His great agony

was as drops of blood. Yet, because He had come to earth to give His life as an atonement for sinners, He put from Him the awful temptation to ask His Father to save Him from this last agony, and bore the shame of the cross that we might live. Even in His agony on the cross, His last thought was not of Himself but of others, and His dying prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," has come down through all the ages as the most wonderful message of forgiveness and love. Shall we not, then, take comfort from this, knowing that we shall be judged by a love that knoweth all things, by a knowledge that is able to pierce what ignorance might blindly condemn, by an unerring justice that will make allowance for all our strivings after holiness, all our good resolutions, however poorly kept, all the hearts that are wrung with penitence, and all the handicaps of life. We know how often one may have struggled for years to keep some sin in check; then, after all the brave fighting, one moment of weakness overtakes us and we fall. Dear mothers, we shall not be

judged by that fall alone, but by the struggle, the secret prayers and tears. When we realise all this, does it not give us rather a feeling of comfort to know that our God *is* an all-seeing God? And does our text not take on a new meaning and lose its old terror for us? Let us, then, go on from day to day praying and trusting, always rising again when we fall, and when the hours come when we feel our weakness and sin most, and know we need some other strength than our own, let us say with sincerity, "For I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Listen to those lovely verses I got in the *British Weekly,* which express what I have been trying to say:

" 'Thou God seest me'—
And yet Thine eyes, O Lord, are wondrous kind,
They know my feeble frame,
They see my grief and shame,

And once, ah, once, they scanned
This life from where I stand.
They wept my tears for me,
And saw man's woes as human eyes should see.
My God, Thine eyes are love and sympathy,
'Thou God seest me.'

" 'Thou God seest me'—
But for Thine eyes, my Saviour, I was lost.
They sought me night and day,
While I was far astray.
They found me in distress
In life's lone wilderness.
They planned for my release,
They wrought at last my rescue and my peace.
My God, for ever guide me with Thine eyes.
'Thou God seest me.' "

Prayer

O heavenly Father, Who art a God of infinite love and unerring justice, we do thank Thee for the knowledge that all our sins and short-comings will be judged

through Thy dear Son Christ, and that having been tempted in all points like as we are, He is able to understand the difficulties and trials we have to meet on our earthly journey, and that if we really repent and try to follow in His steps, He is faithful and just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Forgive us for the many times we grieve Thee, and help us day by day to live better lives, and so glorify Thee our Father in Heaven. Make us all charitable in word and thought, tender-hearted, pure, truthful and kind, and bring us each day a little nearer to Thyself. Amen.

"I AM THE TRUE VINE"

Scripture Reading. *John xv.* 1-12

Dear Mothers, I have read this, one of the most beautiful portions in the New Testament, because I wish to try and show you how impossible it is for any of us to live and thrive apart from Christ, and this means that we are to keep close to Him not only when the skies are dark, and sorrow makes us feel our need, but also when we are happy and joy is thrilling in our hearts, for Jesus loves to share our joys just as much as our sorrows. I do think we should all cultivate the practice of telling Jesus about the things that bring us joy, and showing Him, by our gratitude, that we remember from whom we receive every good and perfect gift. We are told to serve the Lord with gladness and mirth, and I am sure that clean wholesome laughter and song bring joy to the heart of the Saviour. So many people seem to think

that religion, as they call it, is a thing only to be made use of when earthly comforts or joys are fading, but, oh, these poor souls who have this mistaken idea! *We* know that true religion really means taking Christ into every hour of our lives, taking Him for our counsellor and friend, trusting and loving Him at all times, and keeping our hearts pure and clean for His dwelling-place. What would we think if some one we knew passed us by every day, taking no notice of us, so long as things were going well in a worldly sense; then suddenly some sorrow or bitter trial came, and immediately that person came rushing to us imploring us to help, and never making any excuse or apology at all for former neglect. Well, that is exactly what very many of us are doing every day with Christ. Life is going easily and well, our consciences grow lazy, our prayers hurried and unthinking, we feel sufficient in ourselves, we forget that we are only branches and cannot grow apart from the Vine, and we follow Christ afar off until the time comes when we feel our own weakness and need. Can we wonder then if our

prayers seem unanswered? I say *seem* unanswered, because I do not believe that any true prayer ever goes quite unanswered, because the Saviour will have compassion on us although He bear long with us. He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy, and often after He has tested our faith gives us a quite unexpected answer.

Very often in life we hear people say, "Why does God allow such and such a thing to happen?" Why does He not stop so-and-so from making such a mess of his own or someone else's life? Now, what right have we to question God's ways of working? Do you not think that if an earthly father had given his little son some mechanical toy, and knew he was quite able to put it together if he really tried and only used his wits, would the father not be more wise in leaving the boy to struggle with the difficulty for a while, allowing him in so doing to develop his faculties and character? In the same way our heavenly Father, who has given us free will, intellect, and all our senses, sends circumstances which He sees

are for our good. God doesn't do the things for us that He knows we can do for ourselves, He helps us whenever we need or ask help, but if we have something to do, and through slothfulness we make no effort to accomplish it, and say, "Oh, it will be all right if we just pray about it when the time comes," that does not please our Father in Heaven, who knows exactly what we need, but who wishes us to use the gifts of intellect he has so wisely and generously given us. He stands by watching and yearning over us while we struggle on, rejoicing when we succeed, grieving when we stumble and fail, but all the time at hand and ready whenever we realise our own weakness and lift our hearts to Him for help. We are never tried beyond our strength, and if our love and trust are firmly rooted in Christ, we shall in time gain the victory over self and sin.

I expect you have all heard of the great vine at Hampton Court Palace Gardens. It was planted over a hundred and fifty years ago, fills a vinery 66 feet long and 30 feet wide, and every year bears about 1,700 small

bunches of black grapes. As years passed and it still continued to flourish and increase, people wondered where it was getting the life and vigour from, as the soil there is not particularly rich or fertile. At last it was discovered that the roots had burrowed a way for themselves through the clay soil to the River Thames which flows not far away, and the ends of these roots were really in the water, and by this means the precious moisture was being conveyed to the great vine. This is a very clear and beautiful illustration of what our spiritual lives may become, and how little we need fear the trials and temptations of life if our roots are drawing living water from Christ, who is the true fountain of life.

It is no easy thing to be really good; it never is easy, and the hard battle goes on with more or less fierceness all our earthly life. Quite a long time may pass free from temptation, and we think we have destroyed the enemy and can rest a little, but often when we least expect it, and from the front where there is the least resistance, the enemy comes in upon us like a flood, and we are

almost borne away and overwhelmed. It is because of these sudden attacks of the enemy that we must be sure that we are abiding in Christ. One verse in this beautiful portion says, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit He taketh away, and every branch that beareth fruit He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit." Let us not resent or fight against those things that try us and which we cannot understand, remembering that they are the way in which God, the great Husbandman, is testing and strengthening our characters, so that we may become strong, fruitful branches and glorify our Father in Heaven. I shall close with these lines:

"Father, we need Thy winter as Thy spring,
We need Thy earthquake as Thy summer showers,
But through them all, Thy strong arms carry us,
Thy strong heart bearing large share in our grief."

Prayer

Dear Father in Heaven, from whom cometh down every perfect gift, in whom we live and move and have our being, teach us day by day to understand the wisdom and love of Thy Father's Heart, and to have faith and patience even when we cannot see the meaning of things that come into our lives. Raise our eyes to the Cross, and may we take a lesson from the obedience of our Saviour, who never questioned Thy love and wisdom, but day by day did Thy Will in humility and trust. Help us to follow in the steps of Him who said:

> "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

May we cling closely to the True Vine, that we may be strong through His strength and bear much fruit. We pray for our children. Like Samuel, may they have a place in Thy House, and may their ears ever be open to Thy voice, and all their gifts of youth and

energy be laid at Thy feet. Be Thou the light of all who sit in darkness and the comfort of all who mourn. Go with us and dwell with us in our homes, and make our lives full of happy fruitfulness for Thee. We ask this for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE PIGEONS OF ST. PAUL'S

WHENEVER I go to London I always try to pay a visit to St. Paul's, that wonderful church standing in the very heart of the busy city. It was begun in 1675, and finished in 1710, so it took thirty-five years to build. I suppose some of you will have seen it, and all of you will have seen it pictured on a postcard or in a book. There the great building stands, so vast and majestic, traffic rolling past unceasingly on all sides, and yet whenever you pass through the inner swing-doors you are in a quietness and peace all the more marked on account of the noise and bustle outside. I love the atmosphere of St. Paul's, and never feel more near to God than I do when kneeling beneath the great dome. There is a vastness and spaciousness which make me think of the wideness of God's mercy and love, a quietness and dignity which suggest the strength and might of His majesty and power, and there

is a wonder and thrill in the idea that, although I am so small and weak, the ear of that great God is open to my faintest prayer, and that even a shadow of doubt or sorrow darkening my mind is noticed by and matters to the great Father's heart.

I suppose you have all heard about the pigeons of St. Paul's, which are a great source of interest to all who visit or pass the great church. Where they came from, or when they came, I don't suppose any one knows, but there these gentle little birds are in hundreds, circling around and swarming on the ground among the very feet of the crowds of passers-by and absolutely fearless, not disturbed by the din of traffic or crowds of human beings. These pigeons are tame, quite unlike their timid relations in the country, because through the experience of long ages they have learned that they have nothing to fear from human creatures. It would be inhuman to betray such a trust or hurt these gentle little birds, and they are fed and tended from year to year by the thousands who visit or pass St. Paul's. Just

last month I was in London and paid my usual visit to the great church. When I came out, I bought a bag of corn and seed from one of the women who are always ready to supply food for the pigeons. I held out a handful, and before thirty seconds had passed there were five pigeons eating out of my one hand, two were sitting on my shoulder, and one was on the crown of my hat. As I stood there almost covered with the gentle birds, the thought came to me that our trust in God ought to be just like that of the pigeons in man, a simple faith and trust which never doubts that when the Father holds out *His* hand He means us to come close to Him and satisfy ourselves out of His abundance. The pigeons are so much more clear-sighted than we are, because the moment they see the held-out hand they fly to partake of the mercies. Our sin and lack of child-like trust are like a veil which hangs between us and our heavenly Father, blotting out from our eyes the outstretched hand, and because of that veil we struggle on in our blindness, missing the blessings, the sunshine of the

Father's love, and the satisfying of our own spiritual and material wants. God knows and understands our weakness and frailty, and is very patient and long-suffering with us, not willing that any of us should suffer loss on account of our sin or blindness, and forgiving us until seventy times seven. All we need to say is "Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling," and the answer comes swift and sure, "Come unto Me and I will give you rest. I am the bread of life, he that eateth of Me shall never hunger. I am the living water, he that drinketh of Me shall never thirst. Come, buy without money and without price." Then we must remember that God not only feeds our bodies, but also our souls. He satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness, and His command is, "Take no anxious thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on, for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Never forget then all the many mercies the great Father is constantly showering down

on us, and, above all, remember ever with reverent gratitude that greatest gift of all, the Saviour Christ.

What greater proof of God's love and generosity could we have than this most wonderful gift, the Saviour Christ? We have been so accustomed to God's lavish giving all our lives that there is the constant danger of our taking things for granted, and losing the sense of true and humble gratitude. It would be a most beneficial and helpful thing if every now and then we could just sit down quietly and ponder over the love and goodness of our heavenly Father. Just say to ourselves, What earthly father would ever willingly (for remember a gift is not a true gift unless given lovingly and willingly, and God *gave* willingly) give His only child to save the lives of some unworthy people? There have been saints during the ages who were willing to sacrifice all for the name of Christ, and Abraham was willing to give his only son as a sacrifice, because God asked this of him. But no one asked God to send Jesus into the world to die; it was because He loved His children, and

looking down was so grieved over their wickedness and misery that He thought, "I have nothing greater than my beloved Son to give, He must go down to earth and become a ransom for my unhappy children." What it must have cost the great Father we shall never know, or what it must have cost the Son to leave His heavenly home, where angels worshipped, and come down to earth where He was despised and rejected of men, we shall never know; but this we *do* know, how wonderfully Christ fulfilled the earthly mission and tasks given to Him, how He lived the life of perfect purity in the midst of sin, and how in the end He triumphed even over death, and opened the way into heaven for all who follow in His steps. Christ understood His Father's will, and although the human body shrank from the pain and degradation of the cross, His spirit never faltered, and He drank the bitter cup to the dregs. Now He lives to make intercession for us, pleading with the Father to give us another chance, because He knoweth our frame and remembers we are dust. Listen to a few of the things Christ calls

Himself, speaking with full assurance and authority, and with these I close.

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." "I am the Light of the World." "I am the Door." "I am the Good Shepherd." "I am the True Vine." "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Christ is all these to those who believe. Shall we not pray more earnestly, then, for a fuller revelation of Him, and that we may be given a clearer vision of the Father's outstretched hand, so that we may have grace to take gratefully what God is offering, just as simply, freely and fearlessly as the gentle pigeons of St. Paul's.

Prayer

O Thou who changest not, Who art the same yesterday, to-day and forever, we give Thee thanks for all Thy continued mercies day by day. For the sunshine, but also for the shadows, because the light is so much more precious after the darkness of the night.

We thank Thee for the days when Thy

voice has been speaking to us from a cloud, and for all that has been weaning us from the world and linking us more closely to Thee. Give us that divine hunger and thirst which Thou hast promised to satisfy out of Thy richness and fulness, and give us such a vision of Thy love and mercy as will lift the veil from our eyes and banish our blindness. Help us to prove the length, breadth and depth of that love that is ever seeking us, and will not rest until it finds us. Come into our midst as a light dispelling darkness; may we love Thee who first loved us; may we worship Thee whose love sought us and whose precious blood bought us. Do not let us try to bear our burdens alone, but let us bring them to Thee knowing how willing Thou art to take them away entirely if it be for our good, or else to help us to carry them. Forgive all rebellious, bitter or uncharitable thoughts or words, bring us all into the circle of Thy loving arm, keep us and all we love under the shadow of Thy wings, and bring us at last to that land of pure delight which is only divided from this life by the narrow sea of death. Amen.

SPRING ADDRESS

"For lo, the winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

To-day I am going to have a friendly talk with you dear folk. We have now come to the springtime, the blessed time of hope when the earth awakens from her winter sleep and makes herself ready and fit, first for God's transformation of life and beauty, and later for His marvellous provision of our daily food. Already, even in the city, we can see and feel the new life around us—the tender green on the hedges and trees, the new note of gladness in the song of the birds, the lovely fragrant flowers in the shops or which we have received from friends in the country, the brave pure little snowdrops that have pushed their way through the rough ground, and the bright daffodils swinging their golden bells. All these tell us that spring is here again and that God's

goodness is from everlasting to everlasting. These signs also tell us that the earth is re-clothing itself and putting on fresh beauty, and I think we might learn a lesson and profit by it. You know how when the spring sunshine comes it seems to show up all the shabbiness of our clothes and the dusty corners of our houses, and we feel we must start cleaning and have something fresh and new to wear. Well, that is a very wholesome feeling, and wherever possible we should follow this natural instinct. I am sure we have all felt the sense of satisfaction, and even of uplift, that a new hat or dress can give, and if it isn't always possible to get an entirely new thing, well, just try how doing up an old one will help. Even a new ribbon on a hat, or a last year's skirt re-turned will give one a feeling of freshness and self-respect. As in the world of nature renewal and re-clothing are necessary, so is it always with our hearts and lives. The long winter with its dark days and hardships may have made us just a little weary and depressed, and perhaps even a little careless in our praying. Now, there is a text in Romans

which talks about putting on Christ, and I think we might each take that to ourselves and try at this season of hope and new beginnings, to re-clothe our hearts and minds in the spotless garments of Christ's love, purity and righteousness. Let us cast aside the old things that have become soiled and torn during the dark months, let us look out on the new world with fresh hope in our hearts; let us put on the new garments of fresh endeavour and bright courage, and by so doing put on Christ. God never tires of our new beginnings, and I once heard a wise saying, "The road to Heaven never closes for repairs, and no one ever grows footsore through walking habitually with God."

Now, dear mothers, don't you think that, as in the world of nature, we also might with advantage make this the time of examination and preparation for our life gardens, and see what we can do to make the soil fit to receive the good seed? We hear a great deal these days about allotments, and I wish each one of you, just for a little, to think of your life as an allotment, and see if, to-

gether, we can find out some ways of making them fruitful. God has given to each one of us the gift of life. That is our allotment, and we are the tenants and gardeners. God has given us tools with which to work in our plots—intellect, hands, tongue, our senses, and what He expects us to do is to work regularly and faithfully in our gardens, so that we may get the very best possible results. Some have much harder and more unfruitful soil to work in than others. Their lives may be far more strenuous and dark than their neighbour's; nasty weeds such as bad temper, jealousy, and impatience, and temptations such as vice and intemperance, may be constantly cropping up, and all these are very difficult to root up, and are constantly reappearing to mar our life's garden. But God has promised His help to those who work faithfully, and if we persevere, through time, in place of weeds and stones we shall have wholesome fruits and fair flowers. One evening not very long ago a friend came to see me, and she was carrying a basketful of such beautiful vegetables I felt sure she had come direct from a

show. There was a cabbage as large and hard as a football, turnips, carrots, and potatoes, all washed and shining, and a bunch of the most beautiful parsley. I soon learned that they had not come from any show, but were a gift to me from a man who had an allotment just on the outskirts of the city. These vegetables were a striking proof that faithful care and constant watching can make even the barren places to bring forth fruit, and gave me the text for this little talk with you to-day. Dear mothers, let us be faithful workers in our home gardens, making the soil ready to receive all good seed, taking constant care that no unsightly weed gets a chance to root in our hearts or homes, striving to keep our lives living evidences that we are trying to make the wilderness to blossom, and at the end of our long day we shall hear our Master say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Sometimes in these dark and difficult days we get overwhelmed when we think of all the sin and misery and strife in the world, and we feel it is too terrible and too huge for our weak efforts to do any good.

Never say that *you* can do so little to help on the coming of Christ's Kingdom on earth that it is not worth while trying. Here is a true story of what a Nonconformist minister—who was very well known in London some years ago—did, perhaps a very small thing in itself, and yet who can tell the evil that was averted by this simple act.

This minister had been addressing a huge meeting in the city, and on his way home he passed a place where someone with an evil intent had chalked on the wall some sentences so vile and unclean that they made him shrink and shudder. The minister passed homewards with sorrow in his heart, but on that night he could not get to sleep. He felt so strongly that he ought to have tried to rub out the vile words instead of passing on, and leaving them there, perhaps to be a means of great moral danger to others. After some hours of miserable restlessness, he rose, dressed himself, took a large sponge which he soaked in water and put in a sponge bag, and made his way down into the dark city again. This story would

never have been known but for the strange coincidence that while he was busy rubbing out the chalk writing, a gentleman who passed by mistook what he was doing and thought *he* was writing the evil words. When he got up to the minister and spoke in remonstrance and horror, he discovered to his intense astonishment that the man who was busy with a sponge washing out the words was his own brother.

I wish you to remember, again, that more good is wrought by prayer than this world dreams of, and that prayer is a way in which the very weakest and poorest of us may help. Remember, also, that God does not ask nor expect us to be so overwhelmed by the world's needs and sins that we can only sit and sorrow in idleness, neglecting our own small patch. No, there is a great deal of truth and commonsense in the lines which say:

"Do the thing that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles."

And that just means doing our own duties first, but always having time to lend a helping hand to others—keeping our hearts faithful and true even when the sun has gone behind a cloud. Have you ever heard these lines:

"The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining,
I therefore turn them inside out,
And always wear the wrong side out,
To show the lining."

He who is so powerful, who made the world and all it contains, has yet such a heart of love and pity that not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without His knowledge, and His ear is ever open to the faintest cry of His children. Let us then to-day in this glad springtime come before Him with fresh hope and courage, and ask Him to renew our hearts, and re-clothe us in the garments of salvation.

I think we could not close with a more beautiful or appropriate prayer than just by

reading with reverent hearts and lips this lovely hymn:

"O Lord of Heaven and earth and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be.
How shall we show our love to Thee
Who givest all?"

THE BIRTHRIGHT

Gen. xxv. 27-34

To-day we are going to try what lesson we can glean from the passage I have just read, the story of Esau's temptation and fall.

Esau was a bold impetuous boy, fond of an outdoor life, a daring and skilful hunter. He was a keen contrast to his brother Jacob, who was quiet and canny by nature, and never wearied of his own company, or of remaining beside his mother. Can we wonder then that Esau was his father's favourite, for there is much in adventurous youth that appeals to helpless age, or can we marvel that Rebekah set her heart on Jacob, who rarely left her and was so thoughtful and helpful at home? Well, first we learn it is not easy to be wise when we are hungry. When we are physically worn out we are not capable of judging rightly, and I think it was probably because Jesus understood this that He laid His commands

on us to feed the hungry, for when we do this we not only satisfy the body, but we make it easier to resist temptation; we help to restore the balance of the mind. This day, of which the story in Genesis tells us, Esau had been out from early morn hunting, and at evening he returned to the tent physically exhausted and ravenous with hunger, and it was then, when hungry, that nothing Esau possessed seemed worthy to be compared with a savoury dish of food. So another lesson we learn is that it is dangerous to make any bargains when we are hungry. I heard the following story many years ago, and although I cannot remember where or when, I remember the outline and have filled it in in my own words.

Once upon a time a lark soared up into the sunlit morning sky, rejoicing in his power of flight and song, and filling the clear morning air with his joyous singing. After rising steadily for a little while he hovered on his outstretched wings and looked down at the green earth from which he had just risen. He was exactly over a lovely old-fashioned garden where the walks were

faintly green with moss, and the borders were rich with many-coloured flowers, each petal carrying a drop of dew which, catching the sun-rays and viewed from the lark's point of vantage, made the garden sparkle like a blaze of jewels. Suddenly his quick eye caught sight of some small object moving slowly along one of the green paths, and, being curious to know what it was, he descended until he was quite low and just over the slowly moving object. To his vast surprise he discovered that it was a tiny cart with a mouse drawing it, and another mouse walking alongside and waving a tiny whip, while all the time it chanted, "Fresh worms for sale." Very much interested the lark alighted on the path beside the little cart and asked the mouse how much the charge for the worms was. "Three worms for one feather from your wing," was the reply. The lark thought this was an excellent bargain, pulled out a feather from his wing, got his worms which he enjoyed greatly, then spread his wings and rose again. But before he had soared very far, the temptation to enjoy some more of the delicious morsels

was too strong to be resisted, and alighting again he bartered away two more precious feathers, then once again rose into the sunlit air. But alas! before very long he discovered that something was sadly wrong; flying, which had hitherto been sheer joy, had become a labour and pain, and very soon he realised that his balance and wing-power were lost. Too late he discovered that his greed had led him to part with blessings he had never appreciated before, and soon he was obliged to drop down to the earth wearied and sad. The story tells how never again was the little lark able to soar aloft as in former days, and ere long, deprived of its wing-power and broken-hearted, it was found dead in the lovely garden where temptation had met and proved too strong for it. You will be able to see the link between this fable and the story of Esau. The foolish little lark was so accustomed to just spreading his wings and soaring aloft that he never gave a thought to the soft feathers which gave his wings balance and power, and only when he had sold them for something to satisfy his hunger did he realise

that he had parted with a precious and necessary possession. Had Esau toiled and striven for his birthright he would have appreciated it more, but it was God's dowry to him, it had fallen to him by divine will, and perhaps because of this it had never seemed precious in his eyes. It is this peril of forgetting God's blessings that we must constantly strive against. It is the things we toil for we prize most, and herein lies the danger of despising many of the common yet choicest gifts of God, because they are so freely given. We may sell our birthright in many ways. Our great desire may be to fill a high place in the world's eyes and estimation, and after long striving and scheming we may attain our heart's desire, only to find that the glitter and glamour of earthly fame cannot satisfy the hunger of the soul, and that we have bartered away the gifts of simple joys and true peace of mind, for Tennyson says, "Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood." Then again we can sell our birthright of truth and honour by telling lies to gain something we specially desire, or to

justify some false impression we have created, or deed we have done, but as everything in life must be paid for some time, and in some way, we find we may have gained what we schemed for, but at the expense of honour and integrity, and that remorse and bitter regret, those sharp and inevitable results, will more than outweigh any temporary satisfaction our folly brought us. How blind we are to the blessings that lie close beside us! How our restless hearts and wills are ever reaching out to those distant things which appear so desirable, and which so often when we get them turn to ashes in our hands. What we really need in this restless material life is to pray that we may enjoy a closer walk with God, and have grace given us to practise His presence daily. Then we shall have calmness in our hearts and a peace the world cannot give or take away.

THREE HYMNS AND THEIR WRITERS

"HOW SWEET THE NAME OF JESUS SOUNDS"

Dear Friends, I am going to give you three short talks about three hymns we all love and never grow weary of singing. There are so many beautiful and wonderful hymns in our books it was difficult to make a choice; however, I chose these three, knowing how often they have brought peace and comfort to weary hearts and minds, and I pray I may be enabled to give you some thoughts that will bring new light and interest when you sing them in the days to come. The hymns are "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," "Abide with me," and "Safe in the arms of Jesus." In the short time I have, I shall only be able to tell you a little about the writer of each hymn, and then sing it to you. The hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," was written by a man with a very

remarkable life story. John Newton was born in London in 1725, just two hundred years ago. In his youth he was very wild and wicked, a leader in every evil way and practice, but later on in life he came under influences that utterly changed his character, and by the grace of God he was converted and became one of the most consistent saints, and the writer of this and many other lovely hymns. We are told that the secret of his salvation lay in the fact that he had one of God's greatest gifts, a devoted and praying mother, and although she died when John was quite a little boy, she had so stored his mind with texts and Bible-teaching, and had prayed so constantly for him, that her influence never left him, and in due time her prayers were answered, as God has said, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it shall return unto thee after many days." What an encouragement is here for every mother to decide to follow with earnest, constant prayer every erring child, that through faith she may at last bring them back to the fold, won for Christ's service here, and for heaven in the beyond.

John Newton's mother died when he was only about eight years old, and immediately after her death he went to sea with his father who was a captain. The boy was, unfortunately, thrown into the company of men of low and unscrupulous character, whose example had the worst possible influence on John, and he, alas! quickly learned their wicked speech and ways, and for years led a life of lawlessness and depravity. When he was twenty-three years old, and had by this time become the captain of a slave ship, a terrible storm almost wrecked the vessel, and when it was supposed to be sinking John Newton in agony of terror cried aloud, "May the Lord have mercy on us." This was the first prayer he had uttered for years, and it was drawn from his heart when he was in fear and desperation. The ship was saved, and from that day he began to repent of his evil ways. He began to read his Bible and to pray, and gradually the light and truth of Christ shone in on his darkened soul and he gave up his seafaring life, and some years later married a true good woman. Soon after his mar-

riage he came under the influence of several great preachers, and from then devoted all his spare time to study and preparing himself to become a minister. In 1779, John Newton became rector of a church in London, where he laboured for twenty-seven years. No minister in London was more loved and respected, and his constant and great desire was to show what great things Christ had done for him. He died when he was eighty-three, having written many beautiful hymns as well as other writings. His best known hymn is the one I shall now sing to you, and others we all know are "Glorious things of thee are spoken," "Come my soul thy suit prepare," "Approach my soul the mercy seat."

"ABIDE WITH ME"

The writer of this sweet and comforting hymn was Henry Francis Lyte, who was born at Kelso in the South of Scotland in 1793, so he was living at the same time as John Newton. He, also, had a mother whose godly life and prayers had a great influence

on his life. His first intention was to become a doctor. However, later on he changed his mind, and was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England when he was twenty-three years of age. It was not until three years later that he really became converted, and the means of this change were as follows. He was asked to go and visit a neighbouring clergyman who was dying, and who was in great distress of mind because he felt he was unpardoned and unready to meet his God. Together they read and studied the Bible, especially the writings of St. Paul, and prayed to the Holy Spirit to lead and teach them, and before long they both found joy and peace in believing. From this time Henry Lyte was a changed man, and lived and preached with new joy and conviction. He had never been very robust, and having a tendency to consumption had frequently to go abroad for rest and sunshine. He was the writer of many beautiful hymns. These are some of them: "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven," "Jesus, I my cross have taken," "God of mercy, God of grace," and best known and most loved of all, "Abide

with me." The story of the writing of this hymn is very pathetic. His health had been failing very rapidly, and in the autumn of 1847, when he was only fifty-four, he was ordered once more to the warmer sunnier climate of Italy. A few days before he left he wrote, "I am meditating flight to the South, the faithful little robin is every morn at my window telling me that autumn has come, the swallows are preparing for flight and inviting me to accompany them, and yet while I talk of flying I can scarcely crawl, and often ask myself if I shall ever see England again." He did manage the journey, but, as he feared, never saw the homeland again, and died at Nice a short time after his arrival there. The Sunday before he left home he preached to his dearly loved people in the little South Devon village, and afterwards administered the Sacrament to those who stayed behind for the simple sacred service. He was greatly exhausted by the morning's effort, but rejoiced in the memory of the sweet communion service, and lay all afternoon in restful repose. In the evening he went to his study, and when

he came downstairs before going to bed he handed the manuscript of his last hymn, "Abide with me," to a near and dear relative. It had always been his great desire to write a hymn that would live and speak after he was gone, and never was a prayer more clearly answered. "Abide with me" has cheered and comforted thousands of drooping hearts in many lands, and as long as the world lasts its precious message will never die.

"SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS"

I AM sure you will be specially interested in this hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," when I tell you it was written by a blind lady. This is a hymn that appeals to little children and grown-up people alike, and many weary souls have realised the joy and peace of being gathered safe within the shelter of the Saviour's loving arms. Frances Crosby was born in 1820 in a town called Southeast, about two days' journey from New York. She lived to the great age of ninety-five, so it is really not very long since

she died. She tells how her blindness came on. She was only a little baby of six weeks old (and had been born with perfect eyesight) when she caught cold in her eyes and severe inflammation followed. Their own family doctor was from home and the stranger who came in his place advised that hot poultices be put on the baby girl's eyes; some mistake had been made, with the result that poor little Fanny became totally blind. Later on in life she says, "I have never once in my long and happy life felt a spark of resentment against that doctor, because I have always believed that God in His infinite mercy, by this means, consecrated me to the work I am still permitted to do." Dear mothers, what a striking illustration we have here of the way in which God can enable us to rise victorious above our trials and disabilities, and make all things work together for good to those who truly love Him. Fanny Crosby resolved that she would never allow her blindness to make her unhappy, or prevent her from using the other gifts God had given her, and it is almost incredible that during her life

she wrote several thousand hymns. She had a happy and interested childhood, showed great intelligence in her studies, and later on married a blind man with whom she lived very happily for long years. The story of the writing of this, her best known hymn, is very simple and beautiful. A friend was describing to Fanny Crosby how one day in New York a panic occurred owing to a street accident, and how a little child was in danger of being crushed and was screaming with terror, until the mother managed to lift her up in her arms and soothe her, saying, "Hush, darling, you are safe now in mother's arms." The story caught the imagination of Miss Crosby, who at once thought of the tender Shepherd lifting and comforting one of His tender lambs. She set to work, and from this story sprang the sweet tender hymn I am now going to close by singing.

ON CHARACTER BUILDING

"Take heed now; for the Lord hath chosen thee to build an house for the Sanctuary; be strong and do it."—1 *Chron. xxviii.* 10.

I

King David's words to his beloved Solomon, telling him of the supreme honour God was conferring upon him, might be taken as His commission to a mother when her little first-born child nestles in her arms—"Chosen to build an house for the Sanctuary." Can she build up that tiny dainty body with all its inherited tendencies and unformed character to enshrine the gift of the Holy Spirit of God? Many forces of evil are against her and her heart quails at the task, but "we are labourers together with God" (1 Cor. iii. 9), and He calls each woman to this high privilege when He gives a child into her care. It is no great golden

temple set upon a hill that she is chosen to build, but if Solomon needed strength and courage, wise forethought and patience throughout long years for his great work, how much more are they needed by every guardian of these wonderful beings, so full of possibilities both for good and evil?

The happy expectant mother cannot too early realise that her disposition and thoughts as well as her health, are influencing the impressionable unborn life. As she grasps the idea of her heavenly Father's task for her (one that is intensely individual although it is the lot of so many millions) she sees how she must, in quiet happy trust, seek to calm and steady her own spirit and keep control of her fancies and nerves—in spite of temptations to irritability or unreasonableness, due to her bodily condition. All talk and reading about accidents, diseases and horrors should be rigidly avoided. Careful happy service of others—fresh air and exercise, fine thoughts—every kind of enjoyment in beautiful places, flowers, music and pictures will help her. But if, like so many town-dwellers, she is cooped

up in a small dull street—and only able now and then by an effort to get into the parks —or cannot afford the music and flowers she desires, it is comforting to know that the very longing for such things has its good influence on the child; and the highest and purest sources of all fine and beautiful thought are ever at hand—the Bible, and her Lord's constant living companionship.

Time draws on and at last the proud mother holds the little helpless babe in her arms, and dreams of its great future. Full of their loving hopes and fears she and her husband bring it for baptism and make their vows before God; and then sometimes daily work with its cares and anxieties, broken nights perhaps, and too little real "casting of the burden daily upon the Lord," gradually dim the beautiful visions they had—and these grow small and poor. Instead of the glorious glowing temple that little child's body and character were to have been—a real and fitting shrine for the Holy Spirit—the mother is content if he gets through the day without doing damage to himself or his clothing, breaking the

household goods, or getting into trouble in the streets. If her little one is ill or unhappy, her love and tenderness do not fail—she may often deny herself what she most covets—she will work and suffer for him—but she feels weary and heavy laden, sometimes rough and impatient—and dimly conscious that the wonderful temple she had hoped to build threatens to be only a poor, badly constructed little hut, no fitting abode for the Holy Spirit to shine in.

Let her take comfort. Solomon's temple was not a magic building that appeared in a single night. It took long years to build, and the materials came from far and near—from great stone quarries, from hills covered with forests of cedar, from mines of gold and silver. Thousands of workers toiled to build it; some were slaves and forced to work; but many laboured because they loved the worship of God, and cared deeply that His worship should be honoured, and His glory praised.

And so the mother may recollect and take courage; she is not alone responsible for the upbuilding of her child. Please God,

the father shares her highest hopes and plans; perhaps there are grandparents whose wisdom and experience will help in the work. She will try that her friends and, later on, the child's companions shall be always a good influence. His teachers, week-day and Sunday, the best traditions of the family, the books he reads, and the life of the city are all taking a hand in the building. Do we ever realise how each one of us, whether we have children or not, is by the tone of our life and talk taking a share, for good or evil, in the building up of countless personalities on every hand? It is a serious thought.

Solomon's temple was finished at last—had its great dedication service, and was looked upon as one of the marvels of the ancient world. And yet it fell. Its walls were broken down, its treasures were seized and carried away, and for years it stood—an empty shell, mourned over by its lovers, and jeered at by its enemies, degraded and forlorn. What were the causes of its downfall? Two—its keepers became slack, unfaithful, and lost their sense of reverence

and religion, and it was attacked by enemies from *outside,* greedy to carry off its riches and destroy its holiness.

Do not dangers of the same kind threaten our boys and girls? And can we guard against them, or must we leave it to chance, and hope that "circumstances" will keep them strong and pure, unassailed by temptation, and undefiled by sin? There could not be a more mistaken idea, and yet it seems a strangely common one. Shall we talk over some thoughts that have been gathered from many sources? For I feel sure that there is not one woman here who does not long to help in strengthening the walls and guarding the doorways of this "house not made with hands"—a child's personality—whether she is a mother or not.

First, then, to teach the child something of the wonder of his own body, how God has protected the eye and the ear and the nose so that each sense can work in safety. Gradually he will learn to respect such gifts and not injure them by pushing tiny objects into them. The need for absolute cleanliness of mouth and teeth will be explained;

the foolishness of stuffing in bad food. The mother has patiently to teach the tiny child the need of regularity in its bodily habits or poison gathers in the system, bringing discomfort, pain, "crossness," and sometimes even mental trouble. Surely this has nothing to do with character, perhaps some one will say. But mind and body are so inextricably united, who can tell? To be able to govern and discipline our bodies is to win a power that will help us in many a spiritual and mental battle through life. And so the mother, while again and yet again she strives to form in her child regular habits of sleeping and eating and washing, will teach him the use of each organ, and its value as part of God's wonderful machine to hold His gift of life, and how the body in every part must be kept clean, without exposure and immodesty.

To guard against attack from the outside, children sent out alone or only with little friends should be frequently warned never to follow a stranger who coaxes them aside with sweets and pennies, and to shout their loudest if in fear or danger. The enemies,

who gathered round Jerusalem and robbed the Temple of its holy things, were not more evil than the depraved or half-lunatic men who destroy the innocent trust of a child, and soil the purity of its mind and body. A lady doctor says that for ten children who are warned against the dangers of street traffic, only one is told of the risk of following evil men and women or coarse bullying lads, and the terrible results are seen too often in our homes, or in the hospitals where God's little ones are lying, victims of assault, shock and disease.

II

As the child's mind grows many natural questions arise in it, and if reverence is to be implanted there, we make a mistake if we answer it with a foolish tale. Would we not rather that it should learn how God tells mothers His secret of when He is sending a little one to her home, and how He makes a safe warm place beneath her loving heart for the tiny treasure to grow in, so that it all seems holy and natural, than

that the child should gather information in a furtive way at school from conjectures and ugly discussions? If our children know we shall answer their questions simply and truthfully, or tell them that later on we shall explain when they are old enough to understand, they will probably trust and be content. Making a joke or a mystery of the facts of life only keeps their mind dwelling on them; there are moments when we do not know how to reply, and we know that to win and keep their confidence in us would be a glorious strength to the walls of the Sanctuary we are building. But how can we get the wisdom we so suddenly, it may be, need? There seem to be dangers on both hands.

A few years ago an enormous steamer, newly built, had to be swung round in the narrow waters of the Tyne. By the measurements only a few feet of margin existed between the two quays. Several pilots refused to take the risk, but at last one consented. Crowds assembled to watch, and a great cheer went up when the task was safely finished. Some one asked the old

pilot, "How did you manage it?" "I told my heavenly Father!" he said quite simply, and we have the promise, "My God shall supply all your need." As the children grow older we can encourage self-control about sweets and ice-creams, and all little indulgences that tend to weaken the will. To prohibit a thing may lead to discontent and deceit, but they will probably respond to a call for a little heroism! The exhilarating effect of a daily sponge-down in cold or tepid water can generally be managed with an effort even in cramped quarters, and everything that adds to a child's sense of health and self-respect will help to build up the character.

And now we picture the boy or girl reaching ten or twelve years, full of interest in the outside world, making close friendships, and inclined perhaps to become a little too independent and impatient of home discipline. I am very thankful to believe that in most children's hearts the love of their parents is so imbedded that fathers and mothers can make a good many mistakes and fresh starts before that love grows chilled,

so we renew our prayers for wisdom and guidance, and seek to enter into the child's interests and fun, planning to do things together whenever we can, for our training and warnings will be useless if there is a want of real sympathy and comradeship in the next few difficult years.

The talk in the home is more than ever important, and needs to direct thought to what is brave and unselfish, checking unkind speeches and criticisms, and dwelling on "whatsoever things are pure and lovely." In the succeeding years we are sometimes troubled by the son's or daughter's restlessness and irritability, perhaps by their silence and unapproachableness. A friend of mine described it as the tendency of boys and girls "to go into a tunnel at fourteen or fifteen and not come out again for four or five years!" We are wise to take little apparent notice of them, but to exercise endless patience. They are passing through a difficult time of physical and mental change—new sensations and desires are working—they do not understand themselves and are worried and puzzled. It is wise and kind just

to let them know that this is not a unique experience, but the lot of most people—a kind of "growing pain," and that we are standing by to help them if we can. Their awkwardness and shyness are a form of self-consciousness, and plenty of active exercise, drills, games, walking and swimming will help them to forget themselves; all team-work is specially helpful, and everything that keeps them from being self-centred and morbid; and the definite responsibility of some little daily duty to be done in the home will give them the additional support of knowing they can add to its comfort—share in its work.

Some parents, in their desire to keep their children "pure and unspotted from the world," make the mistake of keeping them always under their eye, forgetting that they need recreation and companionships outside the home, a sense of choice, and a certain amount of freedom. Their character cannot develop properly in a hot-house atmosphere. If there is an opportunity for them to join the Boy Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls or kindred organizations, we should do everything

in our power to make it possible, and to show how keen we are that they should work for their company and loyally shoulder responsibility. It may cost us a pang of jealousy to find that for a time "the leader" is everything, and we are nowhere, but we shall have our reward, as we see the young people growing in steadiness and self-control. Is it not well at any sacrifice of time and quiet to encourage them to bring their friends to the house so that we may get to know them; and to have firmly established rules about visits to picture houses, coming in at night, and the keeping of the Lord's Day—rules made after careful thought and then duly respected?

We dare not shut our eyes to the foolishness and coarseness of many books and papers that come in our way—the unhealthy excitement and evil suggestions of many films, and the temptations of betting and dancing-halls—all enemies of our children's uprightness and purity—seeking to rob the Temple we have tried so hard to build of its most Holy Guest; but can we not now and then, at special moments of

confidence, in the twilight, or on a quiet holiday, or during some slight illness, take an opportunity of speaking to each one of the family alone of the great and wonderful power each possesses of passing on the Gift of Life, of the value of its purity, and the beauty and happiness of a home to which husband and wife bring unsoiled, unwasted physical and mental abilities and unite them for their own highest joy, and the good of the race.

At such times the verses in 1 Cor. iii. 16-17, vi. 19-20, will make their mightiest appeal as the young people make plans for their future life.

Many questions and difficulties will arise in each parent's mind on this subject. Most of them can only be told to our Saviour, and guidance sought from Him. Each child in a family is different from all the rest, and it is the greatest comfort to know that He loves each individually even more than we do, and if we honestly seek He will give wisdom liberally for both word and deed. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

C. E. C.

A PSALM FOR MOTHERS

If you take up a Bible which has been much used you will find that it falls more easily open at one place than another, and it is sure to open at the Psalms.

We shall open it to-day at the 37th Psalm, where there are some radiant words that seem as if they were written for us busy, tried women, so exactly do they meet our need.

Verse 3, *"Trust in the Lord, and do good."*

That is just what women want—someone to trust to. I believe that the explanation of many a foolish marriage is that a girl unconsciously longs for some one to trust to, and she gives her heart to the first man who comes along, without finding out if he is worthy of her. I think we ought to talk to our boys and girls about marriage far more plainly, and seriously, than we generally do. We ought to explain to them the terrible

consequences that will probably follow marriage with one who is tainted in body, deficient in mind, or depraved in habit. But we must be beforehand with life; it is little use locking the door after the steed is stolen. Let us hold before our children a high ideal of marriage so that they will not give their trust lightly. If God has given to us that best of all earthly gifts, the love of a true man, we may think we have no need of another to trust in. But we have—there are deeps in the soul and needs in the life where we are alone, unless we have One to trust in Who is nearer than our nearest and whose love is Divine.

And, though it grips one's heart even to think of, unless God calls us first, there is bound to come a day when we must walk the earth alone and utterly forlorn, unless we have learnt to trust the Lord, Who said, "Lo, I am with you all the days."

We have heard the word "trust" so much that some of its precious meaning seems lost. Do you know the fine old Scottish word "lippen"? Here is a story that will show you the meaning. A timorous

girl stood looking doubtfully at a rather rotten-looking bridge which was the only way over a roaring torrent. An old man on the other side called out, "Lippen to it, lassie, it's a' richt!"

Let us "lippen" to the Lord; He will never fail us. Notice that there is only a comma after "Trust in the Lord." Many people seem to mistake that comma for a full stop; or at any rate they act as if it were! They say they trust in the Lord, but that fact seems to make precious little difference in their lives. Now it says "Trust . . . *and* do good."

Let me tell you a fairy story, with a meaning. There were two apple trees planted in a windy spot, and they were each tied securely to a firm stake. After a year or two one bore some fine apples, but the other had none. "Why do you bother growing apples?" said the barren tree, "look at me. I feel so safe tied to this firm stake that I spread my branches and my leaves dance with joy—but I couldn't be bothered growing apples." "Silly thing," said the apple-bearer, "do you suppose you were tied

up and made secure and safe for your own sake? No, indeed, it was because the Master wanted you to bear fruit, and if you don't, you will be pulled up and thrown out." And so it came to pass.

If God has given us trust in Him it is that we may "do good." Now that is another phrase that has lost some of its meaning.

One winter afternoon I knocked at the door of a woman who lived a life of constant suffering. A feeble voice called out, "Come in, please." It was nearly dark, the fire almost out, and no friendly kettle singing. I said, "Where is Jessie? Surely you ought to have your tea ready?" "Oh, Jessie's out with her tracts, she hasn't much time for me, she's aye that busy doing good!"

God wants us to do good right where we are, and our opportunities are not hard to find. We are sometimes tempted to think we have a narrow sphere in our own little home, so full of children and endless duties. But haven't you seen that a river confined by narrow banks has a force unknown to the wide, shallow stream? And so it is with

our lives in the home. Our influence for good or evil over the children is the strongest they will ever know. An old Methodist at a class-meeting was asked under whose preaching he was converted. "Under no one's preaching," he answered, "but under my old mother's living." Wouldn't we be glad and grateful women if our children could speak like that of us?

"Do good" applies to what we sometimes call our common work. I was baking one day when a small girl who was playing on the floor said to me, "Are you doing that with your might?" "Why, what do you mean?" "Look at that," she said, pointing to a text on the wall, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Yes, baking and scrubbing floors we may make into sacred duties, doing them as well as we can for the Master.

Let us take another of the texts that fit our lives so well. Verse 5, *"Commit thy way unto the Lord."*

If you will look, when you go home, in a Bible with marginal notes, you will see it rendered, "Roll the burden of thy way upon

the Lord." An old woman was staggering along with a heavy basket of potatoes when a kindly man offered her a lift in his trap. She thankfully accepted and climbed in. When he looked round at her he was amused to see her frail old arms clasping the heavy basket on her shaky knees. "Dear me, mother," he said, as he dumped the basket on the floor, "don't you think my pony can carry your burden as well as yourself?"

Aren't we sometimes just as silly as the old woman? We do trust ourselves to the Lord, but we go on worrying about our difficulties all the same. When great trials come, we look to Him for help, and never fail to get it. But, thank God, great sorrows come seldom, but every day and hour of a busy mother's life there are endless calls on her patience and endurance. We often feel as if we couldn't go on any longer. We are not meant to go on a single moment longer alone. The infinite grace of God is promised to us and it is "sufficient."

Some of us may have hanging up an illuminated card with these words, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." And yet this

is the sort of thing that happens. We see the words while we are dressing, but they don't get past our eyes. And we go into the kitchen, and get things going, and nothing goes, except wrong! The fire won't light at first, and then the kettle boils all over the newly polished stove, and the milk is late, and the baby won't stop crying. Then the rain comes on just as we've got all the heavy blankets hung out, and we get desperate, and smack an unoffending child, and even kick the cat!

And all the while God is waiting to fulfil His promise that shines on our wall. If we send a prayer there and then to Him we shall get all the help we need, and our strength will be sufficient for any day, yes, even for wet washing day, and will be able to meet the children with a smile when they come from school. For He is faithful that promised.

One more text we must listen to. Verse 7, *"Rest in the Lord."*

There is little bodily rest for mother while the children are small. All day the duties crowd, and many a night there's a sick child

or a baby cutting teeth, and a very weary woman gets up to face another hard day. But if our heart is at rest it helps the weary muscles along wonderfully, for after all it is worry and not work that kills.

Haven't we a rich inheritance?

God give us all grace to enter in, and, trusting in Him, do good. And rolling the burden of our way upon Him, learn to "Rest in the Lord."

ANNA LENDRUM.

WHAT A PENNY CAN TEACH US

INSTEAD of reading my text to-day I'm going to show it to you. So here is a bright new penny!

Let us see if it can teach us some lessons. It is *round.* Why? It might have been square, or angular, but it is round for a very good reason. A round thing can be much more easily handled than one with corners. Plates are round for the same reason. Don't you know how the corners are chipped off that set of dishes you got when you were married? You thought them pretty and quaint, and I'm sure they were, but the corners got in the way and suffered sadly, and now you see that they aren't so useful as round plates that don't stick into any one.

Don't you know people who are full of corners? People who take the huff at nothing, or who pride themselves on what they call "speaking the truth"—which generally means something disagreeable!

People who point out difficulties in everything you propose, people who are "ill to live wi' "—prickly people.

Remember the penny and rub off the corners.

The penny is *smooth.* It is smooth for the same reason as it is round, it slips along easily, without friction. We know the phrase "a smooth tongue," and that has rather a deceitful sound about it. Of course you know I don't mean that, but rather the soft answer that turneth away wrath.

We Scotch people are rather apt to pride ourselves on our want of smoothness. An old woman said to me the other day, speaking of a nice girl who is as good as gold, "Ah, weel, she may be a' richt, but she's owre agreeable to be genuine!" You know how an oiled feather coaxes a rusty lock to turn with a smile. Let us try and use our tongue like the oiled feather, and the world would be a pleasanter place not only for others but for ourselves.

If we say with a smile, "Please, Jim, will you shut that door for me?" Jim probably gets up and does it at once. But

if we bark out at the boy, "Jim, shut that door," he either doesn't do it, or he slams it in a rage. If you've got a cross and cankered neighbour on your stairhead, try a smooth tongue on her, and perhaps the lock will turn.

The penny is *bright*.

That's a lovely thing to try and copy. In this grey land of fog and wintry skies how we all love a gleam of sunshine. Let us make some sunshine of our own and keep a bright face. The children love it. A wee boy once flung his arms round his Mother and said, "Oh, Mummy, I do love you, you're such a smiley Mummy."

If we have the joy of the Lord in our hearts let it shine out, this sad world needs it sorely.

"Of all the lights you carry in your face,
The light of Joy shines farthest out at sea."

Young people are far too apt to think that religion is a dull, drab thing. Let us try to show them that our faith illumines all our life with radiance and with joy, so

that they may be drawn to the Master who bids us—and enables us—to "Be of good cheer."

The penny is *honest*. It states its age quite frankly. Well, we don't need to follow that literally! But we do need the reminder not to pretend to be other than we are.

I do not think that we are so often tempted to appear better than we are as we are tempted to lower our standard of feeling or of action to be the same as everyone else's. If we hear all the other people excusing something which we feel sure ought to be condemned do let us be honest and say what we feel about it, even though we should stand alone. Unwise speech may do evil, but unwise and cowardly silence often does even more harm.

The penny is *perfect*.

There is not one dot misplaced, nor one letter wrong. Here is a lesson that quickly comes home to us. We are so often tempted to say, "Oh, it will do well enough."

I wonder if you remember the story of the little girl who told her mistress that she had been converted. "I'm very glad," said

the lady, "but I don't see any difference in you. You were a good little thing before." "Oh, but *now* I always sweep under the mats!" That's the spirit, isn't it?

One day Dr. Wilson, of Edinburgh, was going upstairs in his own house. He passed a painter working on the steps. "Well," said the genial old man, "what are you about to-day?" "I'm very busy doing my religion." "Whatever do you mean?" "Well, sir," said the painter, "yesterday, in Church, you said that the way we did our work on Monday would show how much our religion on Sunday was worth. And so I'm busy painting your stairs just as well as I possibly can." That man had got hold of the right end of the stick.

If we are the Lord's it ought to make us better wives and mothers, better workers, better cooks, than we ever were before!

The penny *bears the imprint of the nation upon its face.*

Do we? We are so afraid of being thought "goody-goody" that we spend time and care in concealing any light we may have under

a bushel. Much good it will do there. Our Lord wants it to shine forth to all that are in the house.

Are we good citizens of the homeland? Are we proud of our heritage? Well, there is another great kingdom we should belong to. That is the Kingdom of God.

Are we good citizens of that kingdom? If we are not we are missing a lot. God has revealed his marvellous love to us. He has sent his Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save us from our sins, and whosoever shall believe on Him shall have eternal life. "Whosoever" means you and means me. Have we heard His voice and opened our hearts to Him?

Don't let us put off settling this matter. When we are young we think there is plenty of time for these things when we are older. We may never live to be old, or if we do, our ears may have grown too dull to hear that "still small voice."

Besides, what a lot we miss if we wait till young days are over. To those who love the Lord the bitterness is taken from sorrow, and the danger from joy; the very sky

is blue and the grass green, and life is a rich and a wonderful thing.

One day, going through the Carron ironworks, we saw an oven door lying on a rubbish heap, with the design on it all blurred and indistinct. We asked how it had become like that, and the man told us it was because the metal was allowed to get too cold before it was run into the mould.

Do not wait till you are too cold to take His impress. The day may come when you long to lay your treasures at His feet. And, alas! the treasure of youth has gone for ever!

Let us pray that God would make His impress on us now, so that, like the penny, we may bear the image of His Kingdom!

ANNA LENDRUM.

ADDRESS ON HYGIENE

HYGIENE is the science which deals with the preservation of health.

FOOD.—The human body is frequently compared to a steam engine at work, and in some respects there is a similarity between the two. For example, no matter to what state of perfection an engine may be brought, unless a motive power be given to it, that engine must for ever remain motionless. In other words, it lacks energy. The engine receives its energy from steam, which we get by the combustion of some kind of fuel. Similarly, energy must be supplied to the human body, and the source is the combustion within us of the food we eat. Work implies wear and tear, therefore the food we eat must not only supply energy, but it must also build up the body, maintain its heat, and repair the wear and tear.

There is no doubt that we habitually eat more food than is actually required for the

wants of the body. The intervals between our meals are often irregular. Sometimes we eat our food hurriedly, a practice which inevitably ends in indigestion due to improper mastication, and yet how many mothers give to baby "the run of the house," which means food that requires chewing, when poor baby has no teeth to chew with!

Clothing.—Clothing is used to protect the body from heat, cold, and damp. In a variable climate such as ours, where we are subject to extremes of heat and cold, it is of great importance that we adapt ourselves to these changes by wearing suitable clothing. The material which is most suitable is wool. Wool absorbs perspiration from the body, thus prevents rapid evaporation and a corresponding loss of heat. Neither cotton nor linen can hold moisture to any extent, and therefore allows rapid evaporation of perspiration, with the attendant danger of chill. With good woollen underclothing there is little need for heavy cumbrous ulsters and overcoats we so often meet.

Exercise.—Exercise is a term now employed to refer chiefly to the action of the

muscles. A certain amount of exercise is necessary at all periods of life, but never more so than during childhood. A child contains within himself all the organs of the perfect adult in miniature, but this development, assuming they are free from disease in the first instance, depends solely upon the manner in which they are exercised. Physical exercise must form part of the school curriculum, and whatever system of exercise is adopted it must be such as will bring all the muscles of the body into play in turn.

With regard to adults, the kind of exercise will depend upon the nature of the work engaged in during the day; when this is physical, the exercise may be purely mental and vice versa. Exercise, to do good, must be regular and as varied as possible, care being taken that it is not carried to over-fatigue. When the muscles are not used, they become feeble and gradually waste away by a process of degeneration. By gradually and steadily increasing the work done by a set of muscles, they increase in size and strength to meet the demand put

upon them. Hence it would appear that we cannot have too much exercise. This, however, is a mistake, for if it be carried to excess, without proper periods of rest, the muscles, instead of growing, will commence to waste, this being especially noticeable with small groups of muscles. Thus clerks suffer from what is known as "writer's cramp," the muscles of the hand being seized with spasm each time that writing is attempted. A similar condition is met with among violinists, telegraphists, tailors, and others.

Exercise is a great aid to the regular action of the bowels, an important particular which must never be neglected. A free evacuation once every day, at least, should be secured, and purgatives should be avoided as much as possible; the bowels being kept regular by exercise in the open air, daily washing of the whole body, and eating plenty of vegetables, and raw fruit, if it is ripe—if not, cooked fruit.

In the busy parts of a city you will tell me it is impossible to take exercise in the open air. You are wrong. There is always

a park or playground within easy reach of the busiest part of the city. Mothers could take their children into a park or playground for the afternoon, even at the expense of the housework left undone. On a fine afternoon when the bigger children are at school, or on a Saturday afternoon when all the children are at home, mother could take food and a bottle of milk into the park, and spend many happy hours there with the children, until bedtime.

Care of the Teeth.—We talk of taking food into the park, but our food will do us no good unless we chew, or masticate, it properly. Without good teeth thorough mastication of food is impossible. Bits of food often remain between the teeth after a meal, and unless removed will decompose and injure them. The mouth, therefore, should be rinsed with water after every meal, and brushed every morning with water, to which a little salt has been added.

Cleanliness.—Besides washing our teeth, we must also wash the rest of our body. Skin forms the natural covering of the body. Opening at the surface of the skin are a

great number (between two and three millions) of very small tubes known as sweat glands, and the function of these sweat glands is to separate from the blood the perspiration or sweat, which if it were to remain in the body would be very injurious. Now, unless the skin be kept thoroughly clean, the dirt which lodges upon it forms with the perspiration a kind of crust which chokes up the pores, and prevents the glands from doing their work properly. If these glands do not work properly, the burden of the work falls on other organs of the body, principally the lungs and kidneys. They, however, cannot do this extra work for long, and sooner or later they get out of order, and illness follows.

To keep the body perfectly sweet and clean we must have frequent, if not daily, ablutions; it is not enough to wash the hands and face only. It is sometimes difficult to secure warm water, but cold water, though not so efficient in removing dirt, is very invigorating, and a thorough cleansing of the skin may be ensured by a warm bath once a week. This should be done the last thing

at night, because the skin is rendered very susceptible to changes of temperature, and there is thus a great risk of taking a chill from subsequent exposure to cold. This danger can be lessened by a rapid cold sponging of the body upon leaving the bath, and then drying quickly with a rough towel.

"Cleanliness is indeed next to Godliness," said the great John Wesley, and never were truer words spoken.

JANET A. O. WEIR, M.B.

ADDRESSES ON TEMPERANCE

No. 1

WHEN we pray "Thy Kingdom Come," is it not always our duty to promote such things as will allow the Kingdom to come? Is it not our duty to remove stumbling-blocks? And as Jesus Christ gave Himself for the salvation of others, shall we not help to remove the great stumbling-block of strong drink for the sake of others? We know that the coming of the Kingdom is very much hindered by this evil, and everywhere the cry goes out for help. There is an irresistible appeal from the children.

Think of the little ones, so soon to step out upon life's open pathway. If their path is to be safe we must reckon with this deadly foe, which strews it with ruined homes, broken hearts, and anguished lives.

Too quickly the little ones grow up, and how soon so many of them stumble on this block of offence. Are we taking our share

in the work of removing it, for is it not so that whoever is helping to continue the sale of intoxicating liquor by using even a little of it is keeping, if not placing, the stumbling-block in the way? We shall never have the Kingdom upon earth until we have cleared it from the children's pathway.

Every day children enter upon life disabled, blinded, maimed, because parents have stumbled. Children of drinking parents are usually weaklings, dying before they are a year old, or growing up with wasted crippled lives, an easy prey to the drink habit themselves. There is nothing so cruel as the daily, hourly suffering of the starving, terror-stricken children of the drunkard's home.

When asked how long before should a mother prepare for the coming of her child, the reply given was, "Prepare for twenty years before." It is certain that the effects of alcohol involve not only the mother, but the child, and it is no wonder that the babies of mothers who are poisoned with it start life with badly nourished tissues and poor constitutions. Nothing injures baby tissues

more than alcohol taken by the mother in these months before the baby is born.

It is an arresting fact that fathers and mothers who drink can cause children to have some weakness or defect which may be passed on as far as the fourth generation, and it is mostly these children who have the peculiarity of brain and nerve which causes them to be mentally deficient.

Throughout this land of ours there are countless homes darkened by the curse of drink, and thousands of cradles over which the shadow of the curse has already fallen.

There cleanliness and decency have no place; love is killed; hope is lost; God is left out of life; the higher things of the soul are totally neglected, vice and depravity following in its train.

There are countless homes where, in patient heroism, the mother is left by a drunken husband to fight the hard battle for the whole family against fearful odds.

There are countless homes where there is a drinking mother. There the children at once suffer because she spends so large a part of her husband's wage on drink. Care-

less of herself, she neglects her children; all pride in her home goes; food, of which there is often but little, is badly cooked; laughter is stilled on the children's lips; joy goes out of their little lives; their affection for their home is shattered.

There are mothers who have wondered how it would be with their babies if left untended for a single hour. Because of strong drink there are many, many babies who for weeks and months have nothing done for them beyond sometimes a little poor food put in their mouths.

How often bread is needed, and beer is bought. How often boots and coal are needed, and liquor is bought. How often milk is needed and strong drink is bought, and the children pay the cost, for they go without.

Facts like those pull at our heartstrings, and we would pray that the people of the Church of the living God may one and all have a deep and searching sense that it is for them to cleanse the nation from this curse, for without drink the children would be happy, well clad, and well cared for.

If we pray "Lead us not into temptation," can we take any other attitude? When Christ taught us to pray "Deliver us from evil," He most surely did not leave out this evil.

If the drinking were limited to men and women, with another generation it would die out. It will be difficult combating the liquor problem, regardless of legislation, as long as the thirst remains. Hence it is for the citizens of to-day who love their country's future to protect the children from acquiring the drinker's appetite.

Let us hear the cry which goes up from mothers for protection and deliverance. There is the young mother, her first-born in her arms. She thinks of the drunkenness which has wrecked homes and broken hearts and grown rich and powerful in doing so. She thinks of those who put dividends before the welfare of the nation's child-life. She sees the clutching hand even stretched out above the children, and she folds her little one to her breast as she tremblingly looks into the future and sobs out: "You

shall not have my child, you must never get my baby."

And again we hear the voice of Jesus: "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that he were drowned in the depths of the sea." Beware lest any other mother is an offender through her indifference towards this great question, for the continuance of so much misery and sorrow and sin. Shall we let the children suffer when our vote gives us liberty to protect them?

Let motherhood demand that the children shall each have a chance. Let the mothers of our land unite in one sacred vow to lift for ever this cruel danger from the children's path. Let us listen to the patter of their little footsteps coming down the future years, and see the glorious vision of a new earth for them if from the world strong drink has been swept away. Do we care enough? It is only when we care enough that we arise and do something. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

If we would do much good, keep doing a little, and those who work best pray most. In obedience to the teaching of Him who came to seek and save those who were lost may we consecrate ourselves to remove this stumbling-block, that the purposes of God may be fulfilled, and His Kingdom come upon the earth.

S. B. Miller McDougall.

ADDRESSES ON TEMPERANCE

No. 2

Let all women with the mother heart seek to open the mind's eye of everyone to view this question of strong drink in the light of love for others. Total abstinence means mother-love.

Our enthusiasm needs to be kindled at the Throne of Grace, and we must convince others that our work is religious work, that it is spiritual service, that we are God's fellow-workers.

So long as we remain blinded by habits and customs, we shall remain at the mercy of this foe. No home, no walk in life, no profession, no class, is free from it, and nothing makes one safe except total abstinence.

The chance of making our country better is bound up in the lives of the children, and how they will regard and deal with this question depends largely on their teaching and training now. Do mothers realise that in

being the makers of future lives they are in partnership with God? Do they hear the voice, "Take this child and train it for Me"?

Most mothers do their best for their children, but the best has many sides. They can do so much to save them, if they will, from this great peril to their future lives, but so often the boys and girls go out from the homes with nothing done to ensure that they shall not fall an easy victim to it. They are sent out with no knowledge of the danger, and never warned that health, mental power, moral character, the chance of earthly honour, and, above all, the hope of eternal life can all be swept away by this cruel monster.

How important is the atmosphere in which a child grows up. Mothers have such a wonderful chance, and they can hardly begin too early to safeguard the little ones against this danger. A child accepts so easily the ideas of those it loves, and will accept as truth what mother says. If a mother very early uses her rare and sacred opportunity to implant temperance ideals it will be difficult for these ever to be rooted

out. It is in the mother's hands to give the little one early impressions which will influence all its future life.

If a child sees alcoholic drinks daily used in the home it is likely to grow up with the idea that such things are a part of everyday life. How different it is with the child brought up in the home where these are shunned as the veriest enemy; where the mother, refraining from spirits and wines of any kind, by her teaching and steadfast example holds sway over the first impressions and tendencies of childhood.

The pledge of total abstinence is a barrier behind which our children and young people can shelter. It *is* a great safeguard, and it has a great effect on them. Encourage the little ones; strengthen them in their resolves. Remember it will never help their young endeavour if they see alcohol at table, or brought out on festive occasions. They will not understand if in wishing a young couple happiness and fortune in their new home they see others drinking the very thing which ruins the happiness and fortunes of so many homes. Let us ever set them in the

way of personal example, and as we teach them to be strong do not let us be weaker ourselves.

Do not give them alcohol for ailments. Hot milk, gruel, or sips of cold water do as well. Only on the prescription of an intelligent doctor should alcohol ever be given.

Tell the children temperance tales, give them temperance books to read, and as you warn them of the misery and shame of strong drink tell them of the beauties of abstinence, of the successes in sport, the feats of strength which would be impossible to people whose eyes are dimmed, whose hand is shaken, and nerves weakened by alcohol.

The period of adolescence is often one of great instability, mentally and morally. Without any fixed teaching on certain questions young lives easily take a bent for good or evil at that time which becomes lasting. Powers and strength come to light which need to be disciplined, new instincts need to be controlled, and it is then that our young people should at all costs be protected from the action of alcohol.

Under its influence self-control is weakened, will-power paralysed, judgment and modesty lose their power, and it is then that some great downward step is for the first time so easily taken. Assuredly they are in a perilous position if they lack the safeguard of total abstinence.

Mothers, when the boys and girls leave the shelter of the home and go out into the glare and glitter, out to the temptations of a type of social life, or unwise friendships, be sure that, much earlier, you have their armour girt about them.

Our young people should be taught, too, that whether sold in a "speak-easy" or in a handsome hotel the drink will always be the same deadly enemy. There can be no compromise in this matter, nor any half measures. "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate."

Tell them that alcohol is always harmful, even in small doses, and that supposing a little could be taken daily without harm should one not feel ashamed to lift to one's lips for pleasure that which daily robs

thousands of children of their birthright and blights their little lives?

Tell them that alcohol is entirely unnecessary for health and vigour. It is merely a stimulant, and work done under the action of a stimulant is at the expense of our reserve force and is never the best work.

Teach them that it is wrong to exploit the people for revenue, and to make money by their moral and spiritual downfall, and let them understand that for every family ruined, for every life lost, we who are indifferent to our moral obligations are responsible.

And ever let there be prayer, and yet more prayer, for God's outpoured blessing upon our efforts.

Get the mothers straight for temperance and we shall triumph all round.

As the women arose in time of war, so let them arise now in their thousands, with a burning passionate desire to save the children, and banish strong drink for ever from the land.

It is for souls we are fighting.

S. B. Miller McDougall.

INCIDENTS FROM A MISSIONARY'S DIARY

It was a beautiful morning. For weeks there had been no rain, which made all grateful for the tornado during the night. The sultriness had gone. The freshness of the morning air made us think of a summer day in Scotland. But we were soon reminded that we were in Africa, for a little black boy came running towards the Mission House, crying bitterly, "Na, nyana mi O!" "Ma, help me O!" He was followed by two men. As they drew nearer we recognised the wee chap. It was Okon, his father, and a neighbour. Okon used to come with his mother to the sewing class. He was a general favourite. Alas! she had died of smallpox. Okon refused to be comforted by his father, so ran off to the Mission House, evidently thinking that the missionaries might help him to find his mother. He could not understand that she had gone for ever. We heard the father's sad tale, and did what we

could to console his sorrowful child. Eventually he stopped sobbing, wiped away his tears, and walked quietly home.

It was noon. The temperature was 95° in the shade. Fortunately the greater part of the five miles' walk was through the forest—a welcome shade from the strong rays of the tropical sun. Many of the women of a small African village had been busy that week spring-cleaning their church. They had no distemper or lime for their walls, but rubbed them over with white clay which they got from a spring two miles away. The floor was washed over with a mixture of black earth, charcoal and water.

When Saturday arrived they were ready to receive their guests—fifty women from neighbouring villages. All arrived bright and happy, but somewhat thirsty. Our kind hostesses anticipated our immediate need by handing round water, bananas, oranges, pineapples, and sugar-cane. After the usual salutations were over we commenced our meeting by singing "Let us with a gladsome mind"—in the vernacular—a hymn which they often choose. The President

then led in prayer. Minutes of the previous meeting were read. Reports were given by those who had been visiting the sick and bereaved. One of the women gave a homely talk on Hannah's prayer. Then we learned one or two new hymns, and closed with the Lord's Prayer.

On our journey homewards we learned from their conversation how much real happiness such gatherings brought to these African women. They now knew something of the joy of service.

It was evening. The moon was shining brightly. The whirring noise of the crickets, the croaking of the frogs, and the weird crying of the iguanas broke the stillness of the night. We were sitting out on the verandah. A chief had died that day. He was the best chief, the best Christian in the whole of our district, and he was one of our best native friends. We were recalling some of his traits of character: such as his wise judgment in guiding his people, his promptness in paying his children's school fees, his faithfulness to duty, his helpfulness in the Church Committee, and his courtesy—for he was one of nature's gentlemen. There was

deep sorrow throughout the whole of Okoyon. Many wondered why such a useful man, in the prime of his life, should be taken from them. And while we were talking we heard footsteps on the stairs. It was an old slave woman who appeared rather agitated. There was a tremor in her voice as she said, "Please, I have come to thank you, servants of God, for bringing the Light to our country. Had it not been for the Word of God many of us would have been dead people tonight." She was thinking of the days when, at the death of a chief, ten to a hundred slaves were killed and buried with him, so that they might serve him in the spirit world.

We realised then, as we had never done before, how the light had dispelled the darkness, and how liberty and life had taken the place of bondage and death. As we retired to rest that night we gave thanks to God for the lives and work of our pioneer missionaries, and rejoiced in that we were counted worthy to carry on that great work which they had so bravely, so courageously, and so faithfully begun.

Mina Amess (Calabar).

WHAT IT MEANS TO A CHINESE WOMAN TO BE A CHRISTIAN

To most Chinese religion means *fear*. A woman burns incense in a temple when her child is ill, because she fears the anger or jealousy of the gods; and if he is well, she thinks unknown spirits may grudge him to her, and she must do her best to appease them. Sometimes she makes her boy wear earrings to deceive these envious gods, that they may think he is a girl, not worth taking from her. If her baby is dying, she is sure a demon has possessed him, and if she were to let him die at home it would enter one of her other children. So with breaking heart she takes him out and leaves him far away, so that the demon may not find its way back. If dogs devour the body the evil spirit will be appeased, and her family will be more secure.

Think what it must mean to such a mother to know of a heavenly Father, Who cares

for her and for the children He has given her. Fear is conquered; she commits them to Him, living or dying.

The Chinese have *no hope* for a life after death. "Who knows?" they say, though there is a vague conviction that somehow, somewhere, life goes on, at least for men. For women it is more questionable; for infants impossible.

The Christian's certain hope of eternal life lifts this shadow from the home. As a woman said when her five children died in one week in an epidemic, "How could I go on living if I did not know that God is keeping them for me?" The word "die" is rarely used; they say rather, "She has passed by," but the Christians say, "She has returned home." And many a woman is drawn to Jesus by the teaching about the heavenly home.

In Chinese religions there is no real *prayer*. The gods are either aloof and distant, or cruel and malevolent; they may be bribed, but they cannot be appealed to for sympathy.

It is a new and delightful thought that

God is our Father, listening to every cry of His children. To the Christian, the nearness of Christ becomes a vivid reality, and prayer is the very breath of life, not a duty but a joy.

Consciousness of *sin* is uncommon in China. The same word is used to mean sin guilt and evil consequences, so that the idea of guilt is confused with the idea of pain. "I have incurred guilt," says a woman when she has burned her hand. How, then, can the guilt of sin seem a serious thing to her? To "turn aside guilt" she will burn incense, repeat unintelligible words, cease to eat meat. These are counted religious actions, but religion has little connection with goodness. A man may be religious and also live an evil life. Temple priests are often the worst of men. In spite of this unconsciousness of the sinfulness of sin, many Chinese are instinctively good and upright (for "God is not far from everyone"), but they do not think this has anything to do with religion.

We hear about sin, a Saviour, our responsibility to God for our actions, as soon as

we can understand anything. When a Chinese woman begins to learn about Christ, and hears the story of His death "to put away sin," her eyes are gradually opened to the real meaning of her own sins. It comes as a wonderful revelation that God knows and is concerned with everything she does. "Does the heavenly Father really mind how I speak?" asked a woman. "Then I can never say bad words again."

The Chinese woman who decides to become a Christian must face difficulties. First there comes the question of how she is going to keep Christ's commands. For instance, we all learn in childhood that we ought to forgive, but they learn to give tit for tat, to slander when slandered, to curse when reviled. After a straight talk about this, a woman shook her head, saying, "Yes, that is easy for you English, but for us Chinese it is different. If a woman tells lies against me I *must* say things against her, or people will say I am a poor thing that cannot defend myself. We can forgive in our hearts if we like, but not outwardly." Yet even this difficulty is overcome.

Then there is often bitter opposition from relatives and friends, who laugh at her and revile her for leaving the old ways. Sometimes Christians have to give up their house because the neighbours will not live beside them. Often this takes long hard years to live down, and it may be that petty persecution is even more difficult to bear patiently than open enmity. A woman, the only Christian in her home, was trying hard to learn to read, and thought her husband, a good scholar, would help her. When asked why her progress was so slow, she said, with tears in her eyes, "He does all he can to hinder. When I ask a word I don't know he tells me something that seems to make sense, but it is really the wrong word."

But difficulties and trials only drive Christians closer to Christ, Whose love and sympathy are their support, and to many a Chinese woman all hardship is as nothing for the joy of His presence and of His service.

Mrs. Dugald Christie (Moukden).

PART TWO: TALKS TO YOUNG WOMEN AND GIRLS

Part Two: TALKS TO YOUNG WOMEN AND GIRLS

THE GIRLS' AUXILIARY

THE STORY OF A GREAT ORGANIZATION

In the year 1901 there was held in Edinburgh a Presbyterial meeting of the Women's Foreign Mission. It was just such a meeting as had been held many times in the Presbytery of Edinburgh and Leith. It had been intimated from some seventy pulpits, but among all the folks who came there were only two girls. During the meeting there was an interval for tea, and during that interval these two girls got together, and one of them, who was called Eleanor Lorimer, said to the other, who was called Bessie Hogg, "I say, Bessie, do you realise that we two are the only women under thirty present?" "Yes," said B. K. Hogg, "and if you say under forty, you've only to add Miss So-and-So."

And then they realised the significance of

it all. Girls were not interested in Foreign Missions, and no one was making any very serious attempt to interest them. Obviously, something must be done.

A few weeks later another meeting was held in the same hall—a very different kind of meeting from the first—for to it came girls, lots of girls, all very excited about this strange invitation that had been sent them, wondering if there would be any other girls there whom they knew, who was to speak, and if it would really be a meeting of girls only. There were some seventy girls present, representing almost as many congregations, and they found the meeting even more interesting than they had dared to hope. First of all, Eleanor Lorimer told them of the meeting which B. K. Hogg and she had attended, of its interest and enthusiasm and inspiration. "We were the only two girls at that meeting," she finished. "Where were all of you?" Then one girl said she would never think of going to a missionary meeting, they were really much too dull; and a second girl said she would never think of going either; that type of meeting was really

just intended for old ladies who didn't mind being bored. All the girls who spoke said something like that; there seemed an amazing unanimity on the subject of missionary meetings; it was all very depressing indeed, and then it transpired that they hadn't any of them been at a missionary meeting, so, of course, they didn't really know what they were talking about. But they enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and they decided to meet again, and out of their meetings grew the Girls' Auxiliary. It was not called the Girls' Auxiliary at first; it was called, half-laughingly, "the women under thirty," and its very first object was to prove that missionary meetings were not necessarily dull.

Girls in other parts of Scotland heard about the Edinburgh group, and soon several similar groups of girls were formed. Out of this new interest in missions grew the desire to help the Women's Foreign Mission, and so was formed the Girls' Auxiliary, which began purely as a missionary society. Early in its history there was held a conference of leaders. "Whatever we do," said one, "we mustn't collect money. Our

mothers won't like it if we take money away from the W.F.M." "But suppose we each gave sixpence," said another, "it would be sixpence extra, you see; we wouldn't take it away from anybody." And a third said, "Wouldn't it be splendid if we could collect enough sixpences to have a whole missionary of our own."

Not very long after that Bessie Hogg went out as a missionary to India. She had not been there very long when she received a letter telling her that the G.A. *had* collected enough sixpences to have a whole missionary of their own, and that she was to be the first Girls' Own Missionary. And so the G.A. grew. Soon it became too large to have only one branch in any particular town, and had to be organised in congregations.

When it was twelve years old it realised that there was no real distinction between home and foreign missions, and so became the G.A. to the Women's Missionary Work of the Church. Later it became merely the G.A. Now there are 500 branches scattered throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, as far north as Shetland, and as far

south as ever you can go, and indeed a little farther south, for, a little time ago, a branch was started in a United Free Church that has somehow slipped across the border into England.

In these 500 branches are some 12,000 G.A. members.

"The aim of the Girls' Auxiliary is to unite the girls of the church in order that, through service, thought and prayer, they may prepare themselves for further responsibility in the service of Christ's Kingdom."

The G.A. unites its members in a very wonderful comradeship. Have you ever seen two G.A. members meet on a railway platform? Their sole introduction is probably the little G.A. ship, but surely that is sufficient justification "to greet the unknown with a cheer." And how they talk! The names of six missionaries are used with startling familiarity, news of branch and presbytery is exchanged, and they go their ways cheered by a chance encounter, feeling that they belong to something big and that thousands of other girls are in it with them. It is a great fellowship, and it finds

its strength in loyalty to a common Master.

But it is more than a fellowship; it is a preparation for further responsibility. The G.A. is not an end in itself. It is the school in which we are to fit ourselves for the fuller service of Christ's Kingdom. We enrol ourselves as members of a branch and we find that membership involves not only privilege but responsibility also; we try to run a branch and fail often because we lack dependence on God; we try to collect money for missions and find that we cannot have interest without information. These and many other lessons must be learnt before we are fit to shoulder the heavier responsibilities which come to the women of the church.

The first service in which the G.A. unites us is service of the congregation. Nearly every G.A. I know regards itself as the labour bureau of the church, so that whenever workers are needed to sing in the choir or teach in the Sunday School, or be monitors in the Band of Hope, or run a Children's Play Hour or a Children's Work Party, or arrange the flowers in church, or visit the sick, or do missionary collecting,

or magazine distributing, or stamp the free-will offering envelopes, or wash the Communion cups, or mend the Communion linen, or do any of the hundred-and-one things that have to be done in every congregation, the G.A. regards it as a point of honour to be able to supply those workers. What we have to do is to look round our congregation for the things that really need to be done and then, no matter how difficult they are, set about doing them. That may mean scrubbing out the manse in preparation for the new minister, or weeding the manse garden, or minding the manse baby; it may mean upholstering the vestry furniture, or distempering the hall, or mending the hassocks, or planting bulbs round the church, or taking notes of the sermon to old ladies. If we are doing all or even a few of these things, it will sometimes happen that we cannot be present at the regular G.A. meeting, and while we want as often as possible to meet together we must realise that the G.A. is not something which we attend, it is something which we must be, and we must be it every minute of our lives. Our badge

helps to remind us of this. When we put it on in the morning it should be with the prayer that we may meet whatever adventures the day may bring to us worthily, accepting each new day as God's good gift and using and enjoying it to the full.

But the G.A. unites us in a wider service —a service to the community. The G.A. will to some extent have failed if it is not training people who will be good citizens. The service which we can render to the community does not at first sight, perhaps, appear very exciting—the running of play hours for children who have never really learned to play, providing G.A. aunties for children in an orphanage who are pining for want of someone to love them, the organising of a parlour to which little cripples are brought to meet with other children and learn to play and listen to stories, the management of girls' clubs—but a long view and a little imagination will show us the importance of it all.

And there is our service of the world. In India, Manchuria, Calabar, and Stornoway, are the six missionaries of the Girls'

Auxiliary, and every year, through our special schemes, there is built a school or a hospital in some part of the foreign field.

But if our service is to be effective it must have thought behind it all. Right at the heart of the Girls' Auxiliary is the fact of Jesus Christ, and if we are to work for the extension of His Kingdom it must be with an understanding of His life on the earth, of the principles which governed His conduct, and of the significance of His life for the life of to-day. Above all, we must have love and loyalty towards Himself. That is why we must study our Bibles.

And if we are to help the world it must be with an understanding of its needs and problems. It is not given to many of us to pray in continents; we must just pray for the things we know about and care about, and so we want to find out all about the work of our Girls' Own Missionaries, and as much as ever we can of the people amongst whom they are working. If our prayers are to be effective there must be behind them knowledge and understanding. But even that is not enough. We are living in an

age when the whole world is incredibly one, when a whisper in Scotland may resound with tremendous forcefulness in every corner of the earth; when for our every meal we are indebted to men of different race and colour and speech all over the world; when industrial conditions in China affect the whole well-being of Britain. We must give our minds to the task of combating all the evil forces in the world, by the creation of a strong Christian public opinion. We must give our minds to thinking out the application of Christian principles to the social, industrial, national and international life of to-day. If we care at all for the coming of Christ's Kingdom on the earth we cannot do less than this.

Through service, thought and prayer we are to prepare ourselves. And we must remember that prayer is not just asking God for things; it is something much bigger than that. Our service can never be very effective unless we are keeping space in our lives to listen for the voice of God, to look at life through His eyes, and to bring our wills into line with His will.

"On holy mountains, out of the lap of the dawn,
The dew of thy young soldiery offers itself to Thee."

That is the G.A. motto, the ideal for which every true G.A. girl stands. It is the offering of youth and all the energy and enthusiasm and devotion of which youth is capable to the service of God.

CHRIS. LAWSON.

TEMPERANCE TALK FOR GIRLS

I DARESAY you girls think there is not much use in your listening to talks on Temperance—or rather Total Abstinence. Well, I don't agree with you, and I'll try to tell you some of my reasons.

I wonder if you remember the story of the man who was choosing a coachman. He called in the three applicants and asked them in turn how near the edge of a precipice they would undertake to drive a carriage and a pair of mettlesome horses. The first man cannily answered, "I'd take the carriage in safety two yards from the edge." The second, not to be outdone, said, "I'd drive safely one yard from the edge." The third man said, "Why, sir, I should drive them as far from the edge as I could get." He got the position.

Now, I want you girls to realise that there is danger even for you in taking any kind of intoxicant. Keep as far from the edge as you can.

Let me give you one or two illustrations from my own experience.

When I was at school I knew a girl whose mother very foolishly gave her hot rum and milk when she was in pain. She got so fond of it that she was always making excuses to get her favourite "medicine." From this indulgence she got the fatal craving, and to make a long sad story short, I will only tell you that the last I heard of her she was an inmate of a home for inebriates.

One day I was walking in the east-end of Glasgow with a Bible teacher. I asked her what a handsome building at the corner of the street was. She said, "That's a picture palace, and I bless God that it was built just here." I was astonished at this answer, for my companion didn't at all look like one who would patronise the movies. She went on to explain that the girls among whom she worked had often learnt to drink because on wet nights their best boys had nowhere to take them except to the public house, and now they go to "the pictures."

These poor girls never thought there was any danger in having a drink now and then,

but in too many cases they learnt to love it too well.

I happened once to speak of this incident in a rather "west-endy" girls' temperance meeting. I went on to say that I imagined such dangers and temptations never came near girls who led such sheltered lives as they did. When I had finished, a girl got up and said she wanted to bear testimony that drink was a danger in the west-end as much as in the east-end. She told us that when she left college a girl graduated with special honours and afterwards did brilliantly in her profession as a teacher. They lost sight of one another, and only a short time before that day she had been horrified to learn that this gifted teacher had lost one chance after another, and had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, all through indulgence in drink. No one dare say that she is in no danger; keep away from the edge. Another strong reason for one being a total abstainer is that by our unconscious influence and example we may help others. You need not say you are no one in particular and haven't any influence. No woman

"liveth unto herself," no woman can in this world as God has made it.

There was once a shy half-grown-up girl at a grand dinner-party. It was a golden wedding celebration, and the champagne came round to drink the health of the old couple. She saw that every one took it, but she was an abstainer and asked for water. She noticed that the young man next her also took water.

Years after she met the young man again. To her amazement he said that he wanted to thank her for giving him courage to refuse wine at the golden wedding. He went on to tell her that his father had been terribly addicted to drink and his mother had pled with her boys never to touch it. Till that night he had not done so, but when the wine came round he thought it would look so queer if he refused, and he was just making up his mind to take it for once, especially as it was "only champagne," when he heard his shy little neighbour ask for water. He felt that he was a coward and he at once asked for water also.

He said that he had never touched drink

since and never would, as he believed the taste of it, in his case, might be as a match to tinder. How thankful that girl was that all unconsciously her simple action had done so much.

One other thing I would plead with you to do, and that is never keep company with a young man who drinks. Don't believe him if he says he will give it up when he is married. If he won't give it up while he has the hope of winning you, there is small chances that he will do so when he has made sure of you.

I knew a girl who had broken off her engagement with a man who had made many promises of reformation only to break them. She wasn't very young, and she wasn't very pretty, and her companions in the mill thought she was a fool to give him up. "Why, Meg," one of them said, "you'll be laughed at for an old maid." Meg drew herself up and her eyes flashed as she said, "I'd rather be laughed at all my life for not being married than not be able to laugh because I *was* married." As it happened, Meg has never married. She is living a full

life of gladsome service of others. The girl who had the misfortune to marry that man is a broken-hearted woman hard put to it to get food for her poor little children. I have spoken of the influence you girls have, it is a God-given power of which you will have to give account. I've heard a girl say, "I can turn Jim round my little finger." In which direction is she turning him? You will soon have another power of which you will have to give account. You will have a vote. Learn how to use your vote, and see that you use it, and use it to put men and women into power who are on the side of Temperance reform.

It is very difficult to know how this great problem of drunkenness is to be solved. We must learn all that we can about the various proposals that are before us. And do not let us condemn the people who may be just as earnest and sincere in their desire for reform as we are, because they approve of a different method from the one which commends itself to us. We must sink many minor differences and stand shoulder to shoulder in the fight.

"Temperance work" includes many things—housing reform, clubs and concerts, cookery classes and child-welfare, and endless other enterprises, all of which call for workers.

Don't be like the man who leaned out of a window and advised a carter how to get his horse and heavy cart up a steep hill. At last the exasperated carter looked up and said, "Stop criticising and come down and give a shove."

Band yourselves under the temperance banner, and God speed the good fight.

ANNA LENDRUM.

ADDRESS TO GIRLS' CLUB

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

Dear Girls, keeping in mind your Guildry motto, "Wise unto that which is good," and the beautiful device, the ever-burning and ready-trimmed lamp, which means that a wise woman is ready for every emergency by having something in reserve, I have taken this text as a heading for my short talk, and I wish to give you three thoughts about shining for Jesus—how, when and where we can do this.

During the Great War our thoughts and efforts were directed as to how we could best obscure our lights, and keep our houses and city dark, but to-night I come and tell you that I am going to show you how you are to keep your light shining that men may see it.

These lights I am going to speak about are not the kind that will get you into danger, or attract the enemy's aircraft, but may with safety be left shining in the darkest night, because they are the kind of radiance that glows from pure hearts, and clean, holy and strong lives, so that men when they see them will glorify our Father in heaven.

First, then, *How* shall we shine? And the answer is by doing all to the glory of God. St. Paul says, "Therefore whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all . . ." These words "whatsoever ye do" include and cover everything which may happen in our daily life. We can cook, sew, clean, do our work in office, shop or school, and by our way of doing that work, by our very looks and actions, bring glory to God. It is not necessary to be doing some great or difficult work, because if we are faithful in the small things, we are most certainly glorifying our God and shall surely win our reward, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Secondly, the question is, *When* shall we

shine for Jesus? and the answer is, *At all times.* There are certainly times when light may be more needed than others, and save for special reasons no one would think of lighting a candle or gas in broad daylight or in sunshine, but this shining for Jesus must be done at all times, in bright days by showing our gladness and gratitude for all God's mercies, and in the gloomy dark days by showing that our faith is strong enough to stand firm even when we cannot understand, and even when things seem going against us; and that we believe, as the hymn says:

"The clouds we so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on our head."

We are told of Moses that his face shone, and I wish you to remember that this was because he had been in God's presence, and that our lives and faces will also bear witness if we are much in prayer.

Thirdly, the question is, *Where* shall we shine? and the answer is, We must first

shine in our homes, as a text says we must give light to all that are in the house, and we can shine in this way by being helpful, obedient, good tempered, always ready to lend a helping hand even when we feel least inclined; also by being tidy and punctual, because these faults, small though we may consider them, show very clearly the way our characters are forming, and must be checked before they become habits. Then we can shine outside our homes by being always ready to stand up for all that is true and pure, by never being ashamed to show that we are on the side of Jesus, and by trying to bring others to His standard. Sometimes we find it rather difficult to be loyal when we are with people who are careless and apt to laugh at us, but we must ever remember that we have to fight the good fight, and our Captain will help us to win if we only trust Him. If you would only pray every morning, "Lord help me to shine for Thee to-day and give me strength to be true to Thee," you would find how much stronger you would be to resist every temptation that met you.

We must keep bright and clean these lamps that are to shine for Jesus; we must tend them with constant care. Let us keep the home lights of prayer, love, faith and purity burning brightly, and by so doing you will be constantly shining for Jesus, and bringing nearer that great day when everyone shall know His name and acknowledge Him as King.

TALK TO GIRLS AT SEWING CLASS

Dear Girls, it is always a real pleasure to me to come to this happy, bright meeting, and one is always sure of a hearty reception to begin with, and later on a quiet appreciative audience. When one arrives outside the door all seems quiet and still, but the moment the inner door is opened what a hum and stir is heard, and when the hall is entered one finds it a real beehive. I feel sure from the happy stir and chatter that there are few, if any, drones in this hive.

The portion of Scripture I am going to read to you is 1 Kings, *v:* 15-18 and *vi:* 7, because it bears on a little lesson I once learned, which I wish to pass on to you to-night.

We have read how in the building of the temple the work was carried on in silence, no sound of hammering or discord was allowed to be heard, every block and stone was measured and made perfect before it

was laid in its place, and slowly and surely the building grew to perfection until at last it was finished and ready for its sacred purpose, a temple fit for God.

Now we are told that our bodies are temples of the Holy Ghost and that we must strive to make them worthy for inspection by the great Master Builder, Christ. This lesson taught me to compare our lives with the building of the temple, to think how surely and silently the work of building this bodily temple was going on from day to day. Every thought and every action was like a block being added to our characters. How great, then, was the responsibility laid on each of us, to take heed that nothing in the shape of an unworthy or badly formed block should be allowed to spoil the beauty of our building. Do you quite follow me, girls? Let me explain more fully. I just mean that each unkind, hasty or uncharitable word, each jealous, sinful or unclean thought, is like a poor badly shaped stone, which, although perhaps at the beginning unseen by human eyes, will mar the perfection of our characters, and in the pure light

of Christ's eyes show what careless, unworthy builders we have been. It is the little things and bad beginnings in our lives which are so important, and it is against them we have to guard ourselves so carefully, putting away from us little evil habits which, if allowed to grow, will force their way into our characters, blocking up places that should be filled with strong fair habits. Then, girls, we must remember that none of us liveth to himself alone; we cannot think, speak or act, but some influence, good or bad, is communicated to someone else. We hear a great deal about thought transference these days, and I am sure there is a very great deal of truth in it, and that even our unspoken thoughts are influencing people more than we imagine. We think gloomy or unkind thoughts, and unconsciously other people are affected by them. We think bright, healthy and kind thoughts, and instinctively people feel better and turn towards us as a flower to the sun. I am convinced that our minds are like individual wireless stations, receiving messages sent out by other minds, and we should be very

careful what kind of thought-messages we send out; ever remembering that even in this way we are making impressions on other lives. Have you ever thrown a large stone into calm water and watched little waves which widen out and ever widen until we lose sight of them? In the same way our thoughtless actions and words are nearly always like a stone thrown into water, the influence of which we cannot follow, but which may find their way into some heart or mind and be the means of making some life more difficult, or, worse still, of leading some feet into the path of sin. Shall we try, then, dear girls, from to-night, to become character builders, laying our foundations firm and sure on the Rock which is Christ, using only the best materials, such as love, truth, purity and charity towards our neighbours, cementing all together by constant prayer? And some day, if we do our building faithfully and well, we shall find our place in heaven, that Home whose builder and maker is God.

TALK FOR GIRLS' AUXILIARY

Dear Members of the auxiliary and friends, I am here to-night to act as your hostess, not to give you an address as you have two speakers, both of whom have much of interest to tell us, but your President asked me to say just a word or two, and when reading one of my devotional books one heading was this—Opposition as a means of grace. It at once struck me that this might serve as a text for my very short sermon, and I shall merely mention one or two thoughts which may be a help to some of you in these days when life is so full of stress and restlessness. Some of you can recall the summer of 1914, when we were peacefully enjoying our holidays and making plans for our winter's work and enjoyment. Then came, as a sudden black cloud over the sun, that awful War with its sorrows, anxieties, suffering, and far-reaching and terrible consequences. Few of us were

able to carry out our plans, and most of us were plunged into work and anxieties hitherto undreamed of. For all of us, those years were a time of discipline and opposition to many schemes dear to our hearts, but we can now thank God that on all hands are evidences that this very opposition has been a means of grace. We hear of lives that had before been aimless and idle being turned into lives of eager and willing service, of hearts that had been cold and selfish being set on fire with desire to help the suffering and sorrowful. Girls, we cannot understand the meaning of that terrible time of war, and we dare not question God's ways of working, because we know that He doeth all things well, and that in His own time all will be made clear. Meanwhile, I believe that by this opposition to our wills and desires we were raised to a higher level of sacrifice and service than we had ever attained to before. There are evidences on all hands of greater earnestness and better work, and by cheerful and faithful adherence to our everyday duties, and a deeper and more constant prayerfulness, we are doing the best possible

thing to help on that day when war shall be no more, when the nations shall settle grave questions by arbitration or conference, and when social and moral conditions will no longer be a blot on the fair name of our beloved land. Try then to remember, dear girls, that opposition, although not what *we* would choose, is necessary for the perfecting of our characters and lives. Let us accept the opposition cheerfully, never forgetting that the temptations and trials which make our lives one long warfare are training us to be strong and loyal soldiers of Jesus Christ, our great Captain and Lord. I should like to close by telling you a little story which bears out my text. You all know the beautiful, graceful larch trees which, although they look so delicate, are to be found growing on the mountain sides in the Scotch Highlands, especially in Perthshire. Well, the story goes thus—Long years ago one of the Dukes of Atholl received from a friend a present of some tiny trees from Central Europe. On account of their delicate appearance he told his head gardener to give them every chance and keep them under

glass in a warm temperature. In spite, however, of every attention and care, the little trees faded and drooped, and soon many had died and the rest were apparently dying, so the gardener, wishing to make room for other plants, had the unfortunate little trees thrown out on the hillside. A few years later when the Duke and some friends were shooting over that hillside they came across some beautiful little trees growing and flourishing amid the storms and cold of that bleak part. Several of the plants that had been thrown out as dead had still life in them, and there, amid the more severe elements, had taken root and were growing hardy and strong, and now the larch is one of the most plentiful and lovely of Scottish trees. This story is true, and illustrates my text, namely, that God, who is the great Gardener, and knows our natures, sees often that we will thrive better by being exposed to the winds of opposition and hardship, and what we must ever remember is to try and bear opposition patiently, knowing that He sees the end from the beginning, and doeth all things well.

A man of science had been watching with keen interest the transformation of two caterpillars from the chrysalis stage into the full beauty of the gorgeous butterfly, but noticing the time and trouble it cost the first one to emerge, he thought he would make things easier for the second one, and very gently broke the shell. What was his surprise and grief to observe that what he had meant for help had really proved a hindrance. The butterfly came forth out of its shell weak, and lacking all the beauty and colouring of the first. It needed the struggle and pain of birth to give that butterfly its full strength and beauty of colour and form, and if we have eyes to see, it is the same all through the world of nature. The salmon gains its power and beauty of form by battling up the river against the rush and tumult of torrent and waterfall; the fruit comes to perfection by the falling of the flower; and even so we, who are God's highest creation, must wrestle against storm and wind and tide if we are at last to reach the glory dawning in Immanuel's land.

REFLECTING CHRIST IN OUR LIVES

II. Cor. iii. 18

Dear Girls, whenever I see or hear anything specially beautiful in human nature, or the world of nature itself, I like to try and compare or fit it in with something divine, so that I may thus stamp it on my own memory and perhaps at some time pass it on as a help to others. I once heard it said that if we only could remember each time we saw anything very lovely, such as the stars on a clear, cloudless night, the flowers glowing in sunshine, a beautiful human face, the sea, or the mountains sleeping in sunlight or weeping as the mist drove over their sides, we would get a clearer vision of the wondrous beauty of our heavenly Father's mind, Who thought out all those marvels of beauty before He ever spake the word and they were created. We have become so much accustomed to the

beauties of nature and life that we are apt to forget the Author and Giver of them all, and, girls, I want to say a little to you to-night about reflecting back in our lives the goodness and glory of God. One day lately I was motoring with a friend in the country, and I saw the most wonderful reflection I have ever seen in all my life. We were passing a little mountain lake high up on the moorland. It was a grey day, without a single breath of wind, and there had been a recent fall of snow. The lake was absolutely like a mirror, and reflected in it was the hillside covered with snow, and a fir-wood, every branch of the trees bearing a little snow. The reflection was so wonderful that it was difficult to judge where the natural ended and the reflection began. While rejoicing in its beauty, the thought flashed into my mind that even in like manner all that is most beautiful in the world is but the reflection of the wonderful mind of our God. We are told in the Bible that we were made in His image, and although by our sin and disobedience we have sadly defaced that likeness, yet if we sincerely wish to live

better and purer lives, and redeem our misspent days, He has sent His Son to die for us that we, by the power of His redeeming blood, might be made pure and lovely, and the promise is given that even although our sins are as scarlet they shall be white as snow, and the only return God asks from us is that we should live more worthily of that great sacrifice, and reflect Jesus Christ in our lives. You may ask, "How can I do that?" and I shall try to tell you a few simple ways in which we can all strive to be living reflections of our blessed Redeemer. Do you remember the story in the Old Testament where Moses went up Mount Sinai to talk with God and receive the Commandments on tables of stone, and how when he came down amongst the children of Israel, after he had been alone on the mountain with that divine presence, it is said "And Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone"? ("Wist not" means was not aware.) And this is true always that if we in spirit and truth get into communion with God our faces *will* shine even although we are unaware of it. Then, again, we can

be living reflections of Christ through every kind or thoughtful action we do in His name, by every victory we win over sin and temptation, by every self-denial we practise, and by living such clean, straight, trusting lives that men may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus. Christ was a living reflection of His Father, and said, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." When we remember that we owe everything we possess and are to God, and that, in spite of all our unworthiness, He is constantly showering fresh mercies down on us, can we refuse to give our best in return, and try by our living to reflect back some of the sweetness and brightness of our Saviour? There is a verse in Micah (vi. 8) where it says, "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" and in the Epistle of James it is said, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." When

what God demands of us in return for all His unbounded goodness is but to live trusting, upright lives, surely we shall each make new and fresh endeavour after righteousness, and make it our daily prayer that we may follow more closely in the footsteps of our Lord and Saviour. In closing I shall tell you a sweet, simple, and true story which proves how even in small ways we may all reflect Christ.

One hot summer day a gentleman I know very well was walking along a poor, narrow street in the east-end of the city. The street was so narrow, and the houses so high, that very little direct sunshine ever reached the houses on one side. My friend noticed a little ragged, barefooted boy, who was intently trying with a small piece of a broken mirror to catch the sun's rays and direct them to a certain spot on the houses opposite. (This is called a reflector, and I expect you have all at some time tried to catch the rays and dazzle the eyes of unsuspecting passers-by.) My friend was interested, and stopped and said, "What are you trying to do, laddie?" The boy looked up,

and said quite simply, "D'ye see yon window up there, Sir? Weel, ma wee brither had an accident two years ago, and is aye lying on his back in yon room, and it's on the wrang side to get the sunshine, so I always try to catch the light in this wee glass and shine it into his room." Now, girls, that wee lad was quite unconscious that he was doing anything the least bit out of the common, and yet in that simple act there was, for those who had eyes to see it, a most beautiful lesson and example of what God is asking us all to try to do, to reflect some of the sunshine of Christ's love and joy into sad lives, and if we are only willing to be led, God will give us a vision of what He would have us do. Shall we not, then, dedicate our minds, our hands, our feet, and all our energies to the dear Lord's service, and by so doing be living reflections of His grace and love?

Prayer

O Christ, Thou altogether pure and lovely One, Who art the living and true reflection

of the Father, teach us how to live that we may in our lives reflect something of the truth, purity, gentleness, and tenderness of Thy character. We are so weak and sinful, so lacking in faith and childlike trust, so prone to follow the desires of our own hearts, and, by so doing, we miss the vision of Thee. May the bright rays of Thy Truth and Love so illumine our hearts and minds that there may be no dark corners left where sin and unbelief can lurk. As Moses met to talk with Thee on the mountain top, help us to leave the misty valleys of unbelief, and mount to the heights, where above the shadows of earth we may meet Thee face to face and learn Thy Will concerning us. We ask it for Thy dear sake. Amen.

FRIENDSHIP: AN ADDRESS TO GIRLS

Dear Girls, friendship is one of God's most precious gifts when rightly used, but, like many other precious gifts, it may be the source of evil instead of good. It is a most interesting subject to everyone and a most important one as well, and in the short time I have to-night I wish to talk to you a little about various aspects of the subject. Perhaps no subject, unless love, has ever been more written about, and from the early days of the Old Testament, right down through the ages, we have records of great friendships, some of them of ennobling character, some of them otherwise, some of them between men, some between women, and others again between people of opposite sexes. True friendship may be a power which will strengthen every good thing in the life of each friend, but too often, amongst women and girls especially, it only weakens every-

thing by its own selfish existence. Of this kind is the friendship of those who will admit only one friend into their life, and who are jealous and pettish if their own special chum ever seems to care for any other person. We ought, if our love for our friend is true and pure, to be able to welcome whatever would make her life happier, and if we can do this sincerely it should only tend to deepen and strengthen our friendship. There are many kinds of friendships, and each may have its own place without interfering with any other; a friendship to be helpful must spring from a high, true, unselfish love. The kind that shuts out others, makes them feel "out of it," can never be the highest kind. If you really care for your friend let her know it frankly, because pretending you do not care has spoiled many a friendship that might have made two lives stronger and happier. You will remember the story in the Old Testament about that ideal friendship between David and Jonathan. We are told that, although David loved Jonathan as his soul, he never tried to keep him from his duty, or thought

that Jonathan should care for no one else, for just after their covenant of love is made we read that David goes out and does his duty apart from Jonathan, and again we read that, whenever danger threatens David, Jonathan is ready to send him away. And why? Because they had One whom they put first, even before one another, even God Himself, and so their friendship was in Him, and whether together or apart they were one in Him. Dear girls, are your friendships like that? Is God first, and are you willing to see less of your friend if your duty or hers requires it? I myself have had many friends, one or two have been very precious to me, and I know the joy and help that may be derived from girl friendship, but I also know the dangers that are apt to arise—those little jealousies, which are like thorns in our hearts; the pride that keeps words unspoken which might have explained away the misunderstanding, and so healed the wound; the desire to keep our friend entirely to ourselves and by so doing weaken the character of our friendship. These, dear girls, are some of the very common dangers

which arise out of close companionship, but the greatest danger of all is the *tongue*. The Epistle of James speaks of the tongue as an unruly member which no man can tame, and also calls it a little member, adding, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth," and it is about your conversation I wish specially to warn you. Girl friends talk about all sorts of things, and very often discuss love and marriage. Now there is nothing on earth more wonderful and beautiful than true married love, but alas! too often it is made the subject of foolish talk and unclean curiosity. Love and marriage are sacred things. Our Lord Jesus uses them as a symbol of His highest, holiest mystery, the union of Himself and His Church, and our earthly conception of this union ought to be a holy thing also, too sacred to be spoken of except with deep reverence, or entered into without pure love and earnest prayer and thought. Love and marriage are God's ordinance and among His best blessings, but in many cases lives have been ruined by lowering these blessings and considering them apart from God. I do trust

I have given you a new estimate of what friendship can do and mean in its true and highest sense. Try to live up to your highest ideals, girls; never lower your standard, and take this beautiful little rule as a guide for your thoughts and talk:

"Whatsoever things are true,
Whatsoever things are honest,
Whatsoever things are just,
Whatsoever things are pure,
Whatsoever things are lovely,
Whatsoever things are of good report,
If there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

ADDRESS TO GIRLS

It is February, and down on the shore of the Clyde there is a wood, white with beautiful strong, long-stalked snowdrops. Do they grow on dry banks or clean stretches of grass? No, their bulbs are deep in thick dark mud—and they come up through the decayed leaves of many an autumn. And yet they have this astonishing beauty of sheer white purity, not a speck stains them. The close green sheath that covered each head, as it emerged from the bulb, protected the flower till it came to perfect maturity.

We long that you girls may be like them, straight and strong, rising clean and beautiful above all dark temptations and unsullied by evil surroundings, and I am sure it is your ambition to be a joy to others, and to fulfil God's great purposes for your life.

When God wished to show the Jewish people that He needed a shrine to dwell in, He gave King Solomon the great charge of

building the Temple, and of seeking by every means to make it as perfect as possible. And in 1 Corinthians iii. 16, 17, St. Paul, writing to the Christians in a great and evil city, called upon them to remember that their bodies were to be temples for the Holy Spirit of God, living shrines, because He still calls for an earthly place to dwell in.

It takes a long, long time to build a temple—and a girl's character is not less precious. You have passed out of childhood, when the foundations were laid—in many of you by wise and loving people who laid them soundly and well. In other homes perhaps there was no care or thought, and that makes it more difficult for you to go on with the building now it is largely in your own hands. You feel despondent and handicapped, and think you never had a chance, but try to picture the snowdrop, and how it grows unstained through the dirty, boggy ground of the wood, protected by the power of God and His wonderful thought for it.

Now you are stretching forward towards womanhood, and the future is partly in your own hands. Will you try to build up strong

walls of self-control, a determination to avoid all coarse and silly talk, low books and films, and companions whose aim is simply to have a good time at whatever cost to character and the coming days? Sometimes it is difficult to start on the right lines, and still harder to carry on, and yet when you think of what our great commission is, does it not make even a big struggle worth while?—the commission to build up body and mind and soul for the Highest to dwell in, and to keep pure and sweet all the powers that God has given—above all, the power of passing on the gift of life itself, which is His sacred task for us women. You may not all marry, and perhaps the joy of a happy home-life and little children of your own may be denied, but I think to every woman, who is true to herself and her high calling, the opportunity comes at one time or another of making a house, or even a single room, into a home, and in some way or other showing motherly love to some of God's little ones.

How, then, as eager restless girls, can you try to fit yourselves for the future—to be what St. Paul calls "fellow-workers with

God"? Does it sound far too serious and solemn—do you shrink and turn away? Believe me, God does not call you to grow up before your time. He wants you to have days full of keen interest and happiness and fun—to build up your bodies with clean and regular habits of sleeping and waking, eating and exercise, work and play, strengthening your muscles and learning graceful movements in drill and games, reading and hearing fine books and beautiful poetry, learning to speak it perhaps till it enters into your soul, and lifts your hearers' thoughts to a magic land. He wants you to use all the fresh air and water you can get, to cleanse body and mind, and whatever your daily work may be, to do it heartily, as unto Him—and in return His love and care, and the friendship of the Lord Jesus Christ, will shield you when circumstances lead you into danger and temptation, if you are earnestly seeking to act always, in whatever company, with sturdy self-control and loyalty.

The Girls' Guildry, or the Guides, Y.W.C.A. clubs and classes, the Church

and Choir and Sunday School are all reaching out hands to help girls to that steady interest in things outside themselves which will be their best safeguard in a life surrounded by temptation.

To have a great purpose in life is to lift one's daily work, often very monotonous and dull, into the region of romance and heroism, and when people talk idly of a girl "making the best of herself" they describe, often without meaning it, just what we hope to see every girl attempt.

The Temple of Solomon took a long time to build, and after serving its purpose loyally it fell, partly through the slackness and unfaithfulness of its keepers, partly through the attacks of its enemies, who broke down its walls and seized its treasures.

I do not need to remind you that the same dangers beset you. Slackness of spirit, want of prayer and reverence and the true worship of God, make many a girl a prey to deadly sin. She forgets God, and then she forgets herself, and goes all to pieces. Her simplicity and purity are lost, and it is a long, hard struggle to build them up again.

And then there are dangers lurking round you which strong courage and wisdom and self-control are needed to avert, or a girl may be defenceless against a sudden assault or a secret temptation, and lose her most sacred gifts. If any one of you should have to face a great test and trial, perhaps through your very true love for some friend, never forget that our weakness is a call to the perfectness of God's strength, and that He will shield you against every device of the enemy of your souls, as He keeps the snowdrop pure from every soiling touch.

Perhaps you wonder why God allows the possibility of such evil befalling us, why certain temperaments are specially assailed, why a boy's or girl's natural love of excitement and curiosity about new experiences should lead them into sin?

I cannot tell you—but I know that if you try to grow snowdrops in the house they are apt not to flower at all. I have seen many like that—long lanky leaves, and thin bendy stalks with never a white, fully-opened flower, with all its delicate veinings and lips of green. They cannot flourish in a warm

protected atmosphere. They need the battering of wind and rain. They love the chill of a fall of snow, and their purity would be little worth if it did not shine in contrast with the dark soil, through which it has won its way.

"Ye are not your own; for ye were bought with a price; glorify God, therefore, in your body."—1 *Cor. vi.* 20.

C. E. C.

PART THREE: THE MOTIVES OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

Part Three: THE MOTIVES OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

You perhaps have heard those who are out of sympathy with Missionary work say such a thing as this, that it is all a matter of dollars and cents. The self-centred persons who have never realised the duty of sending the Gospel to others are apt to consider all appeals for help in this great cause as so many inconvenient demands upon their pockets, a matter of dollars and cents.

But neither the motive nor the history of the Missionary enterprise can be explained in terms of money. The qualities which hold the key to it are vastly different. They are spiritual qualities, the greatest virtues that humanity knows. Let me call them Love, Sacrifice and Devotion.

First, behind all Missionary effort there is the romance of love.

The missionary and the missionary's helpers find their inspiration in the thought of God's redeeming love.

Jesus Himself was the first great Foreign Missionary, leaving the homeland of heaven for our darkened world, and even He was inspired by the thought of the Father's love, and said, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," and St. Paul, the greatest foreign missionary after Christ, found his inspiration in the thought of God's wondrous love in Christ, and said, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." So missionary work is just the working response of the believing heart to the love of God. We love Him because He first loved us.

For the second quality we have Sacrifice, for Love always rises into Sacrifice.

It is the supreme object of all true love to give to, and give itself *for,* the object of love.

Love is only on the way to perfection when it rises into sacrifice.

God was the great Giver, because He was

the great Lover, and the more we appreciate God's love, the more we feel the pull of His love at our heart strings, drawing us out into all manner of sacrifices for His sake.

It was that which drove Robert Morrison and William Burns to China, when to go meant almost certain death. They were willing to make even that sacrifice for the sake of Christ and of those He loved in China.

It was that which drove David Livingstone to the heart of Africa, and made him say at the close of his life of wonderful service that no sacrifice he or anyone else could ever make could ever compare with the sacrifice of the Saviour for us.

And so in all true Missionary effort we see love rising up into sacrifice.

And then, thirdly, we have Devotion. Love, Sacrifice, Devotion.

And might we not say that as sacrifice is love in blossom, so devotion is love in full flower.

It is the yielding up of the whole life to the sway and purpose of God's love in and through us.

It is the bringing of every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

Not merely the giving up of this or that, or the sacrifice of this or that, but the gift and sacrifice of the whole life to the expression of God's love in Christ. That is devotion in its most Christ-like garments.

So Missionary Work is, after all, in a very true sense a matter of Love, Sacrifice, Devotion.

And it may be *that* to us all, whether we are privileged to serve at the front or no.

We may all, wherever we are, have the true missionary heart—the heart that knows God's love as an experience, and longs to rise in sacrifice and devotion to Him.

PART FOUR: ADDRESS TO FOREIGN MISSION WORKERS

Part Four: ADDRESS TO FOREIGN MISSION WORKERS

I MIGHT almost understand men not being specially interested in Foreign Mission work, but I could hardly understand women not being keenly interested, and having a very strong desire to help on the work in every possible way, because one has only to remember that wherever the Gospel of Christ has been preached, slowly but surely women have been raised from lives of misery and slavery to take their true position in the home and community. Our Saviour when on earth honoured women by His friendship and understanding love, and to Him the sinful and repentant ever came, sure of His sympathy and help. And it is one of the first aims and objects of Foreign Mission work to bring the light and liberty of Christ's love into darkened and saddened hearts. I believe there are still some unfor-

tunate people to whom the term Foreign Mission work simply brings a hazy idea of dark heathen people who have to be clothed and taught, and some of these people are still under the impression that missionaries live in plaster huts and, if not absolutely in daily danger of being eaten by cannibals, well, at least, lead lives of loneliness and privation. Thank God, the spread of the Gospel has made these horrors and ideas an almost unheard-of thing now, and one has only to read the romance of missionary life in all parts of the globe to realise that the missionary's life can be one of radiant interest, and of joyful and appreciated work. We realise, of course, that the first and greatest part of Foreign Mission work lies in the hands of the missionaries on the foreign field, but this call does not come to all of us, nor would it be possible for many of us to leave home, and we remember that there are many other very important and nearer means of helping. And this work in which you ladies are engaged—for which I have to convey to you all the very sincere and warm thanks of your minister and

church—is one which comes only second to work on the field. Missionary work is like a great and powerful machine which, to be kept in perfect condition, must be constantly tended and fed by stokers and engineers. Perhaps this is rather a crude illustration, but it is really the work we at home are engaged in. By our collecting we are providing the necessary fuel and, may I say in all reverence, by our prayers and interest we are keeping the great missionary engine going smoothly. We are constantly having testimony from our missionaries of the way in which they are strengthened and upheld by the prayers of those at home, and I would ask you to remember the beautiful quotation, "More good is wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." I know your visits are looked forward to by all those you collect from, and that in nearly all the homes you are met with a kindly and warm welcome. Should you ever hear any bemoaning the smallness of the gift, will you remind them of how Christ regarded the widow's mite, and how He said, "Of a truth I say unto you this poor widow hath cast in more

than all these"? A great opportunity lies with you as you go in and out of these homes to sow the good seeds of interest in and zeal for Foreign Missions. Pray ever that you may do this work with willing and cheerful hearts. In closing let me beseech you ever to take a high view of this important work of collecting. At times you may meet with discouragement and lack of response, but if you are really in earnest and keep your interest and faith bright, like steel to a magnet subscriptions will be drawn to your hand.

PART FIVE: ADDRESSES FOR CHILDREN

Part Five: ADDRESSES FOR CHILDREN

"The Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me."—Gal. ii. 20.

Dear Boys and Girls,—This sermon is going to consist of two divisions, and it will have two texts and two stories, as I know you always like stories, and they help to imprint on your memories the lessons I wish you to learn. The first text is, "The Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Have you ever noticed what a change can be made in the significance of the same sentence by putting the emphasis on different words? Say this aloud after me—The Son of God *loved* me, putting the emphasis on loved, and then, The Son of God loved *me*. Does the emphasis being on *me* not make all the difference? It gives the verse at once a far closer and more personal meaning, and makes you say, Jesus really cares

for me. I once heard of a man who said he loved every one in the city directory. Now if you know anything at all about any city you will know that the directory contains the names of thousands of people, with their addresses, and you would be quite right in thinking this man was making a rash statement, and that he could never love so many people properly. But with Jesus it is quite different; although the world is so huge it is quite true that He knows and loves all the people in it, and to show His love He died on the cross to save you and me from the power of sin. So, dear boys and girls, it is quite true when you say—Jesus loves *me*. There is a verse which says, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends," and here is the story which will help you to understand this. There was once upon a time a castle which stood on the top of a high rock (something like Edinburgh Castle), and the men of the garrison felt quite secure in their own strength and certain that no danger could ever touch them. But a very powerful king from a distance

who desired to have the castle sent a great number of soldiers to besiege the castle, and although they could not get up into it at once, they surrounded it so that no one could get out to summon help, and the king determined to stay there until the garrison was starved and had to give in. But up on the topmost turret, and unknown to the enemy, there was a huge torch which, when fired, would give warning of the castle's danger, and summon help. But who was to light the torch? As the turret was in full view of the enemy it meant certain death to the one who fired the torch. Then one brave fellow said, "I am willing to give my life to save the garrison; let me go"; and, getting permission from the commander, he scaled the turret and fired the torch whose flames soon blazed up to the heavens telling to those far away the danger of the garrison. His deed of bravery and self-sacrifice saved the garrison, but the gallant young soldier fell, his body pierced through with many arrows. Don't you think, boys and girls, that the brave action of that young soldier who so willingly gave his life for his fellowmen

would be remembered ever after, and the men of the garrison would tell the story to their children and grandchildren, who would listen with eager interest? Now the lesson I wish you to draw from this story and remember is this, that Jesus our blessed Saviour left His home in heaven and came down and lived on earth so that He might know all the temptations and sorrows that meet both boys and girls, and might die at last on the cross that we might live.

The second text is—

"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,"

and the story comes from a charming book called "The Golden Windows."

Some children were sent to reap in a wheat field. The wheat was yellow as gold, the sun shone gloriously, and the butterflies flew hither and thither. Some of the children worked better and some worse; but there was one who ran here and there after the butterflies that fluttered about his head, and sang as he ran.

By and by evening came, and the angel of the wheat field called to the children and

said, "Come now to the gate, and bring your sheaves with you."

So the children came, bringing their sheaves. Some had great piles, laid close and even, so that they might carry more; some had theirs laid large and loose, so that they looked more than they were; but one, the child that had run to and fro after the butterflies, came empty-handed.

The Angel said to this child, "Where are your sheaves?"

The child hung his head. "I do not know!" he said. "I had some, but I have lost them, I know not how."

"None enter here without sheaves," said the Angel.

"I know that," said the child. "But I thought I would like to see the place where the others were going; besides, they would not let me leave them."

Then all the other children cried out together. One said, "Dear Angel, let him in! In the morning I was sick, and this child came and played with me, and showed me the butterflies, and I forgot my pain. Also, he gave me one of his sheaves, and I would

give it to him again, but I cannot tell it now from my own."

Another said, "Dear Angel, let him in! At noon the sun beat on my head so fiercely that I fainted and fell down like one dead; and this child came running by, and when he saw me he brought water to revive me, and then he showed me the butterflies, and was so glad and merry that my strength returned; to me also he gave one of his sheaves, and I would give it to him again, but it is so like my own that I cannot tell it."

And a third said, "Just now, as evening was coming, I was weary and sad, and had so few sheaves that it seemed hardly worth my while to go on working; but this child comforted me, and showed me the butterflies, and gave me of his sheaves. Look! it may be that this was his; and yet I cannot tell, it is so like my own."

And all the children said, "We also had sheaves of him, dear Angel; let him in, we pray you!"

The Angel smiled, and reached his hand inside the gate and brought out a pile of

sheaves; it was not large, but the glory of the sun was on it, so that it seemed to lighten the whole field.

"Here are his sheaves!" said the Angel. "They are known and counted, every one." And he said to the child, "Lead the way in."

Is not this a lovely story? so beautifully told, and so full of grace and truth. It bears a very clear lesson for every boy and girl, showing how the happiest hearts are those who are always thinking of others, always trying not how little they can do or give, but ever how much. This sunny-hearted lad never thought of his own gains, but had a heart full of sympathy and love for all who were in trouble, and what a reward he got at the end of the long day!

"Fair waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper band.

"To God, so good and great,
Their cheerful thanks they pour,
Then carry to His temple gate
The choicest of their store.

"Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.

"Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

"In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven."

* * *

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My children ye did it unto Me."

Dear Boys and Girls,—I always think that there never were two more beautiful names given to Jesus than the "Good Shepherd" and the "Friend of little children." In the first we have a picture of Him going before His flock as the shepherds in the East always do to guard them from any danger that might lie in the way, and carrying in His tender arms any little lambs that were

too young or weak to walk alone. Then when He brought them at sunset to the fold to shut them safely in during the darkness, if one sheep was missing, how eagerly He turned back, no matter how wearied He was, to search for the wanderer until He found it, and brought it back in gladness to the fold. Then as the Friend of children how He loved and understood them. You must remember that Jesus was brought up in a home where there were other children, his brothers and sisters. Jesus was the oldest, and although His father Joseph died when He was still a boy, and Jesus quickly accepted the responsibility of helping His mother with the younger children, still He had some years of happy, unclouded childhood, and with His sweet, sunny nature, and perfect physical strength, we may be sure He shared in all the happy games and sports of the children of Nazareth. We can imagine the fascination of the carpenter's shop for the child Jesus, how He would stand gazing with earnest, interested eyes at His father as he worked, or fashioned articles for the people of the village—chairs,

tables, or perhaps wooden ploughs to be pulled by the patient oxen on the fields near at hand; or He might run in to beg some chips or blocks of wood to play with, and when the wind crept in through the open door and sent the shavings flying He would be chasing after them like a kitten after scurrying leaves. All these touches seem to bring the Child right into our lives. There is one beautiful picture of Jesus which seems to make Him very human in my eyes and brings Him very close. It is in Papini's "Life of Christ," where it tells of Mary finding her little son in the Temple after He had been lost to them for three days, and it tells how she found Him in the centre of a group of old men wearing flowing mantles and long beards, and describes Him as "her Jesus," with His wavy hair, His shining eyes, His sunburned face and fresh mouth. And yet even then the touch of heavenly knowledge was there, for when His mother reproached Him for the anxiety He had caused them, He replied—"How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Later on, when Jesus went out into the world to do all the work which His Father in Heaven had given Him to do on earth, He still had time to show His love for children, and all through the gospels we have stories of Jesus and children. There must have been a great wonder and fascination about Jesus that attracted them, because we know that they never had any fear or shyness of Him, that tiny children with sweet, wondering faces climbed up on His holy knee, and that they crowded about Him in such a way that the Disciples were displeased and would have sent them away, but Jesus said—"Forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Then there is another time where Jesus gave a lesson to His disciples: He took a little child in the crook of His arm and said, "Except ye become as this little child ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven." The disciples had been quarrelling as to who should be greatest in Heaven, and Jesus taught them that it is not wealth or power that will win us a place or entrance in Heaven; it is the simplicity, gentleness and purity of

heart of children that will open the golden gates for us. Then, dear boys and girls, that understanding Christ-heart has made it possible for each one of you to serve Him; He does not ask for great deeds or works because He knows you so well—knows your weakness and limitations—but because He loves the praise and homage of little children He has made it possible for each one, even the youngest, to do something for Him. We are told that even the giving of a cup of cold water in Christ's name will be acceptable in His sight. That seems a very simple act, and so it is, but the words "in Christ's name" make all the difference. Suppose one day, when you are playing just near the house, a beggar comes to the gate and says, "I am very thirsty, will you give me a drink of water?" You stop your play very unwillingly, perhaps say, "Oh, bother," then you go and get a cup of water and give it with an unsmiling face to the poor creature. That is not giving it in Christ's name, but if you say brightly, "Certainly," and run and get the water and perhaps add a piece of bread which you bring

with a sympathetic smile and kind word, then indeed you have given it in Christ's name, have brought joy to His heart, and won from Him the reward of these words, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me." Christ was always courteous even to the poorest creature; He was always kind and charitable in His words and judgment of others, had always time to lend a hand to help others, and, dear children, these are the ways in which He asks you to serve Him; not by dreaming and talking of great things you would like to do, but by doing the kindness or duty that lies just at your hand. Will you try, then, daily to follow in the footsteps of your Friend and Saviour?

* * *

"A little child shall lead them."

Dear Boys and Girls,—Now that the first snow has fallen, telling of the approach of winter, the memory of the summer holidays is fading into the past, and I cannot help wondering how many people gained, during

their quiet resting time, not only health of body but also refreshing and healing of mind. Even Jesus Himself used to feel the necessity of rest and quiet and would say to His disciples, "Come ye apart and rest awhile." And I feel quite sure that in these quiet times they would have many happy talks during which He would draw the disciples nearer to God through Himself and send them back into the busy days refreshed and strengthened, and with a clearer vision of the heavenly Father and of their daily duty. I also feel sure that God still loves us to have happy holidays, and by thus bringing us nearer to the beauties of nature He reveals Himself to us afresh. During the late summer the following little incident occurred at one of our famous watering-places, and it has left such a fragrant memory with me and is such a beautiful illustration of the text, "A little child shall lead them," that I should like to pass it on to you this afternoon. One lovely afternoon my friend and I were sitting on the beach in canvas chairs, surrounded by the usual crowd of holiday-makers, bathers, and idlers

like ourselves, and the usual groups of happy sand-castle builders, the children very often assisted by almost more keenly interested parents. We had been sitting enjoying the bright sunshine and gay scene, when our attention was drawn to two tiny girls who were playing happily on the sand close at hand. They had built a castle with a moat all round and were patiently waiting for the tide to come up and fill the trench. Soon, however, we became aware, from the anxious and clouded faces and the tearful tones, that all was not well, and we noticed that they had left off their play and were searching anxiously in the sand for some lost treasure. Shortly after, the younger child went off in tears to her parents, while the elder child continued her anxious search. Then came the beautiful little incident round which this address is built. Utterly heedless of the crowds all around, and the busy life of the sands, the little child knelt down and as she folded her hands and bowed her head we realised that she was holding converse with Him who is the Friend of little children. After a few moments she

lifted her head and opened her eyes, and I shall never forget the expression on that child's face. It seemed to me as if her spirit had been in communion with the Unseen, and when she re-opened her eyes it seemed to take her a moment to come back to earth. Calling her to me, I questioned her about her loss, and learned that they had lost a very precious little ring which they ought not to have been playing with, and they were afraid their parents would be very angry, as up till then they had been unable to find it. My friend and I were obliged to leave the beach just then and I did not dare to question her regarding her prayer, as I felt I would have been treading on holy ground, but I have so often wondered in what way the child's prayer was answered, because we know that Jesus loves to hear the prayers of children and has said, "Ask and ye shall receive." One thing is certain, my friend and I came away from the beach touched to our very depths, feeling that it had been good for us to be there, realising afresh how true it is that none of us liveth to himself alone; realising afresh the power of unconscious in-

fluence, and the truth of the text, "A little child shall lead them."

Now I wish you all to start to-day being far more careful of your words and actions, because there isn't one of you, even the smallest, but can be an influence in the world, either for good or evil. That little girl I have just been telling you about had evidently been taught that Jesus is the friend of children and listens to their prayers, and when her little heart was troubled over the loss of the ring she quite simply and naturally sought help from Him. Try and remember that even a cross word or angry look of yours may be a stumbling-block to another. If you are asked by your mother to run and do an errand or look after baby for a short time just when you wish to play or read that new book and you say crossly, "Oh, bother, must I go at once?" or else you do what you have been asked with unwilling feet and sulky face, you are making it harder for others when their turn comes. You can't picture the Child Jesus with a frowning face, or holding back unwillingly when his Mother asked

Him to do anything for her, and I know you all want to be good soldiers and follow in His steps. The little girl in my story was true to her teaching, asked the Saviour's help when she needed it, and by her action was a true witness for Jesus and a shining example of unconscious influence.

THE END

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